THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCV.—No. 1239
SEPTEMBER 14, 1927
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

The BYSTANDER

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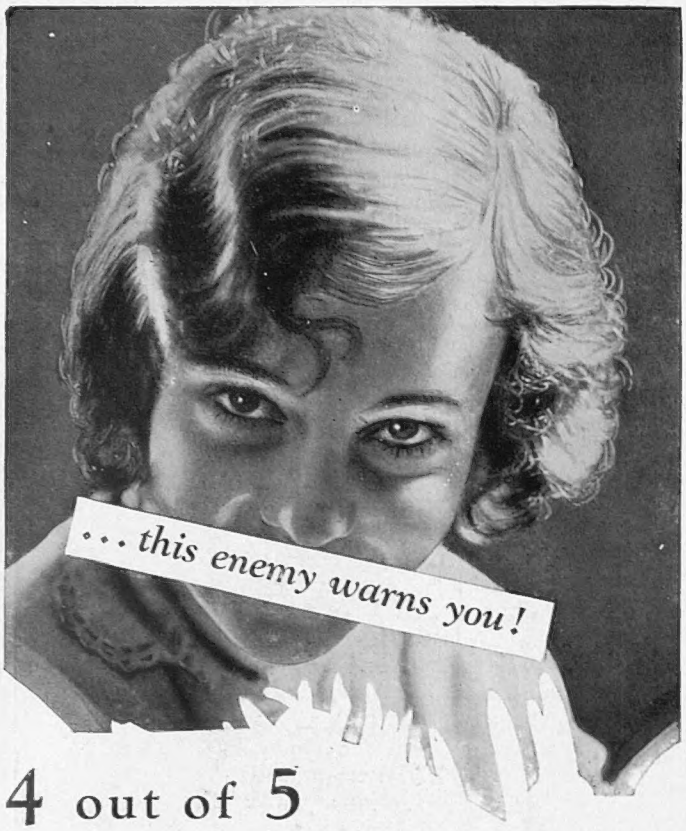

4 out of 5 start too late

Among the people you see to-day, four out of five past forty (and many younger) are victims of Pyorrhœa — simply because they started too late to protect their teeth and gums.

Pyorrhœa starts with tender, bleeding gums. If unchecked, it undermines youth and health and often results in loss of teeth, neuritis, ulcers, rheumatism or other serious ailments.

But have no fear. If you start in time, you can prevent or check the inroads of this dread disease. See your dentist at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's For the Gums. This dentifrice prevents or checks Pyorrhœa. It strengthens the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth from decay-breeding acids and makes them white.

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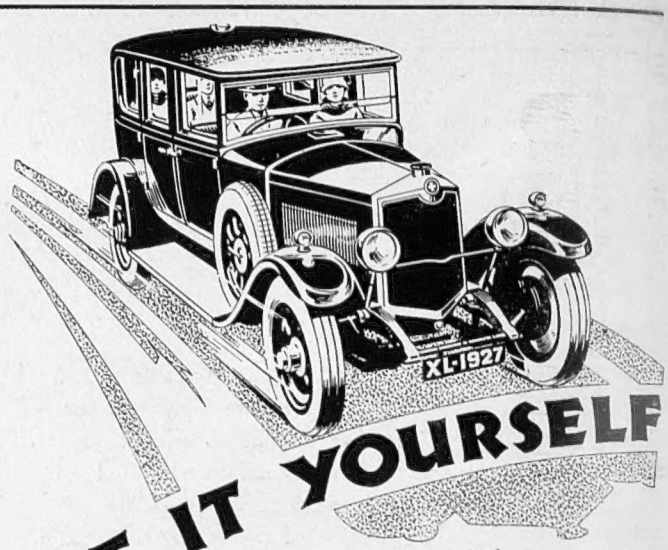
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE — *IT CHECKS PYORRHŒA*



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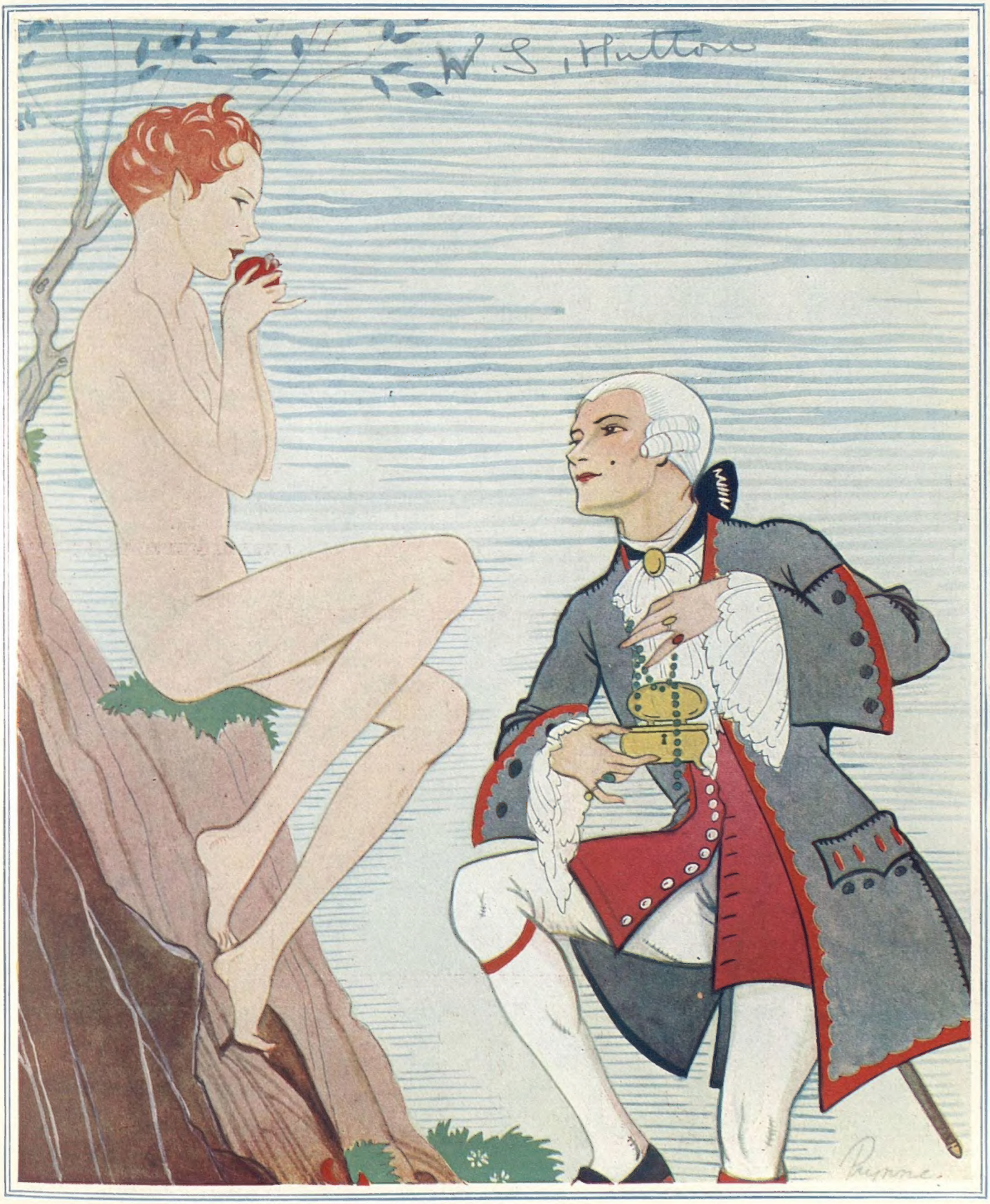
The Bystander, September 14, 1927 No. 1239. Vol. XCV

The BYSTANDER



BY PRYNNE

THE IMPERTURBABLE NYMPH

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
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TO
H.M. THE KING

The Triumphant Trio
on Road, Links and Court

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C.F.H.694

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Why We Write

It always seems to me that the most vital part of a paper is its correspondence column. Here you will find the opinions of readers who write because they really have something they want to say, whereas the pen of the professional scribe is too often impelled by the fact that he has got to write whether he would or no.

The Big Idea

Thus I always turn to the letters of my correspondents before opening my morning paper, because I know that my post-bag will tell me what the world is thinking, rather than what someone thinks it ought to think. And it was by this means that I became acquainted with the Big Idea. Not an ordinary notion, such as you find in the leader column of the *Daily Grouse*, but a real hundred per cent. suggestion—a Big Idea.

Railing at Railings

My correspondent wants me to start a crusade against the railings that are placed round most of our public parks and gardens both in London and the provinces. He thinks that an open space should be an open space. As he points out, railings are like the bars of cages behind which human beings are allowed to play. They are ugly, beastly and abominable. These strong words are selected by my correspondent, but I am in entire agreement with them. My correspondent has hit upon a Big Idea. I wish I had thought of it myself.

The Official Mind

Officials will tell you that we can't do without railings. They are convinced, such is the official mind, that railings are a sign of civilisation. They will say that railings with a gate in them, through which people may enter at will, are better than no railings at all. Thus, all the really nice streets in London—those that are flanked by open spaces—are spoiled by these abominations. We get them in Piccadilly and St. James's, while Kensington is full of them.

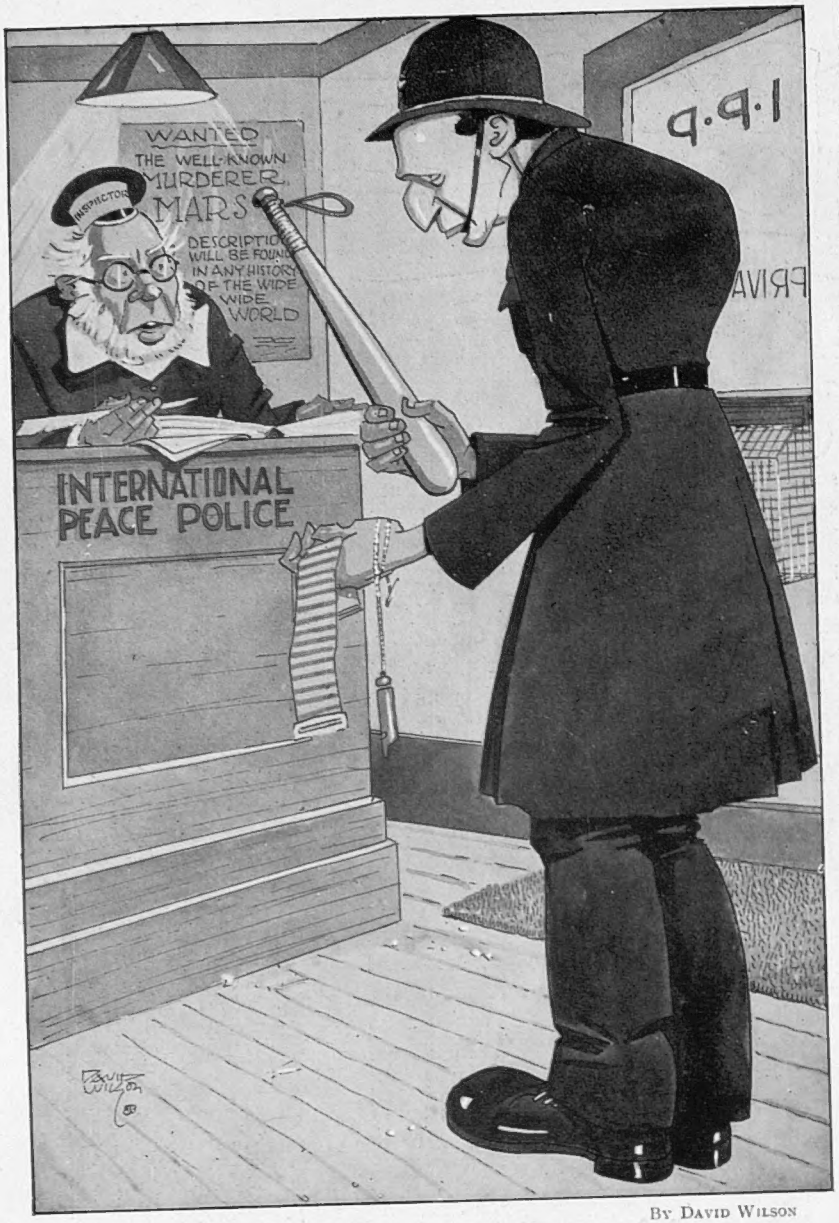
Human Cages

We have no open spaces in our big towns—only human cages. If it is necessary to close our parks at sundown, why not mitigate the nuisance by setting the railings a little further back? Why not enlarge our streets by throwing a strip of grass and flowers into them, after the manner of the Paris boulevards? The thing has been done at Brighton with immense effect, and I have devoted a lot of space to these open spaces, so-called, because I think it is a matter of public importance and because I hope something will be done about it.

Misplaced Tributes

They are cleaning the Irving statue in the Charing Cross Road, and each time I pass this memorial to our greatest actor I throw my cap in the air because I was the first to agitate against its filthy condition. I hope they will be able to remove the green stains from the stone pedestal, plinth, or whatever the great man stands upon, and if they do I hope they will no longer allow enthusiasts to place their floral offerings and laurel wreaths against it, for these misplaced tributes are the cause of half the trouble. If they must celebrate anniversaries in this way, let the authorities clear away the mess before a second day has dawned.

D. Wilson



By David Wilson

THE RESIGNATION OF "BOBBY" CECIL!

I Have My Doubts

Being recently on the Continent, I investigated the attempt that is being made to do away with the tips nuisance, and came home having learned nothing. I was assured by the manager of my hotel that the ten per cent. charge made on my bill covered all expectations, but, as I still had my doubts in spite of his assurances, I asked a friendly member of the staff how the matter stood. Shall I say that he was less emphatic than the manager? As a result of the two interviews I could not help feeling that there was a leakage somewhere. Either the ten per cent. carries a reduction in wages, or the old system was all in favour of the hotel employee.

Compulsory Gifts

One thing is certain. Tipping is anything but dead, and very few people have the moral courage to walk out of their hotels without leaving a present for those servants who have served them well. This is an intolerable state of affairs, for the charge on the visitor is doubled, and he has no additional satisfaction in return. Compulsory gifts are rarely satisfactory to either party, and although you may argue that tipping was compulsory, it had this in its favour, that the money paid was in return for actual services rendered.

Glory for Glamorgan

No one will deny that Lancashire deserve their cricket honours, but it seemed all wrong that their success should depend on the defeat of Nottingham by a team that had not previously won a match. If this result had meant glory for Glamorgan they would have won all the laurel leaves in the bush, but one fails to see why Lancashire should benefit to quite such a dramatic extent, or why the Welshmen should not secure some reward for pulling the chestnuts out of the fire.

"Snooping Around"

Several of our London clubs are extending temporary hospitality to American actors now appearing in the West End, and it is interesting to listen to the exchange of impressions on England and America. Britons who visit America usually find the behaviour of minor officials, such as tram conductors and policemen, lacking in consideration, but it is gratifying to learn from an American who has been "snooping around" that this charge cannot be laid at the door of the Londoner.

Safe to Snoop

Here is a fair test of a man's intelligence, imagination and good will. An American boards a 'bus and, instead of asking for a ticket to Hammersmith, confides in the conductor that he is just "snooping around," and doesn't need to get home for an hour. Now, the conductor may enter into the spirit of the thing by making helpful suggestions, or he may inform a fellow conductor that he has got "a barmy bloke" aboard. According to my American friend it is quite safe to "snoop around" on a London 'bus, and he seemed so gratified that I suppose my readers should not anticipate equal good fortune when they arrive in New York.

Useless Weight

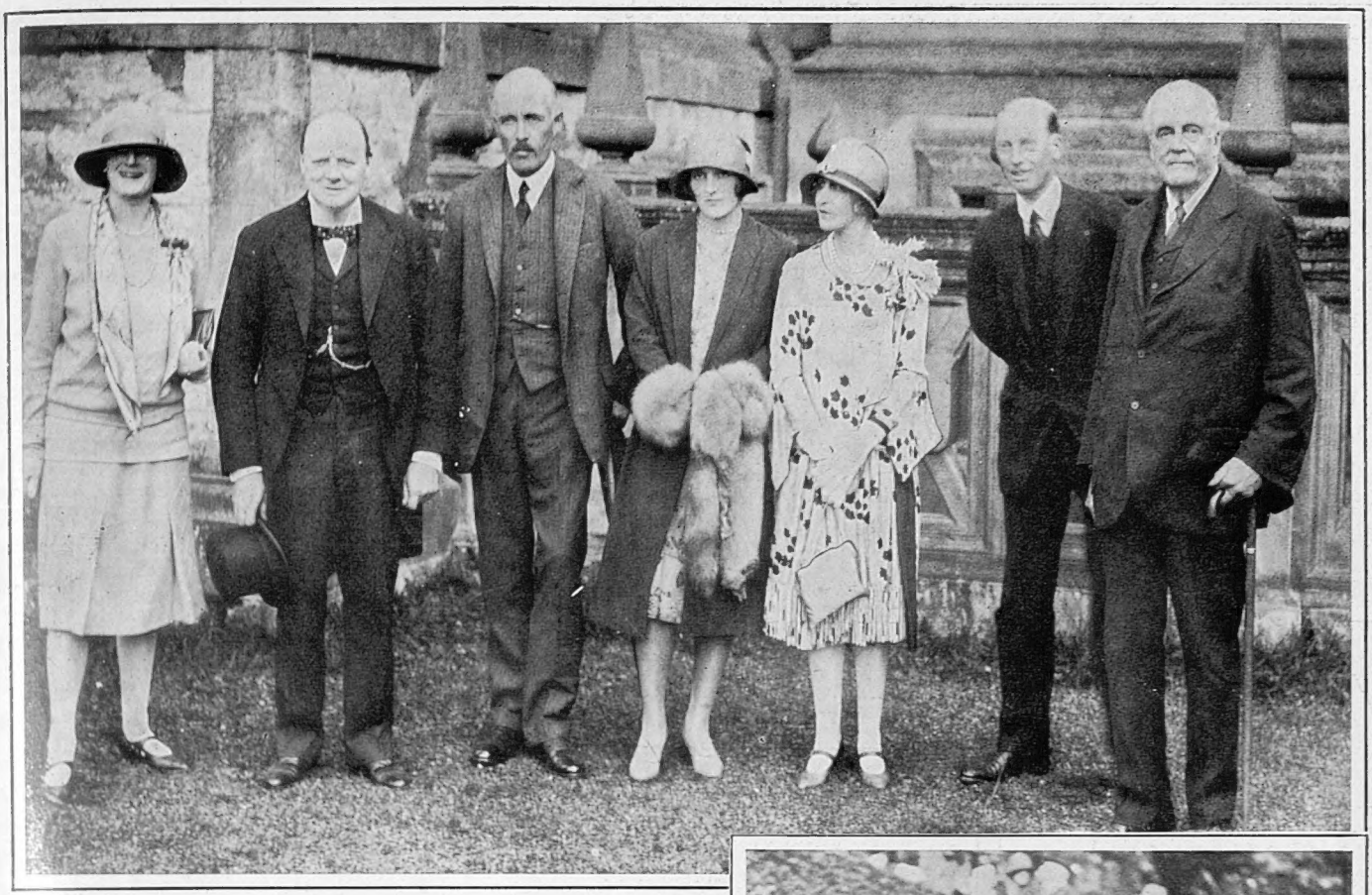
At first sight it may appear ungallant to refer to women as "useless weight," but when I explain that lady passengers on transatlantic flights are indicated I don't fancy there will be any great outcry. The conscience of the country has been deeply stirred by the feeling that the lives of pilots may be jeopardised by some publicity-mad passenger whose presence reduces the petrol load beneath the safety limit. Naturally, "useless weight" may be of either sex, and it is to be hoped that public opinion will set solidly against Atlantic joy-rides on the part of wealthy patrons anxious to pose in this perilous limelight.

Counter-feiting

The last time I walked out of a casino my companion expressed surprise that there were not more frequent cases in which forged counters figured. A counter would seem to be such an easy thing to counterfeit. True, and it is rather curious that an actual case has followed so closely on the heels of the observation, but it must always be remembered that, while you may change a "dud" fiver in San Francisco, you can only hope to change your counters into cash at one particular casino, where the croupiers would be quick to notice an increase in their stock.

An Old, Old Story

The capture of a carp weighing 16 lb. by a couple of schoolboys recalls the old, old chestnut of the embittered angler who had fished all day and then saw a small boy catch a large fish with a bent pin. Asked what the fish was, the professional follower of Walton replied that, in his opinion, it was "a blinking miracle," and we must admit the justice of the remark.



IN THE BORDER COUNTRY *Topical*

A group taken at the great political gathering at Floors Castle, Kelso, for the annual fête of the Roxburgh and Selkirk Unionist Association. Mrs. Winston Churchill (left), the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Countess of Dalkeith, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Earl of Dalkeith and the Earl of Balfour

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Braemar Gathering

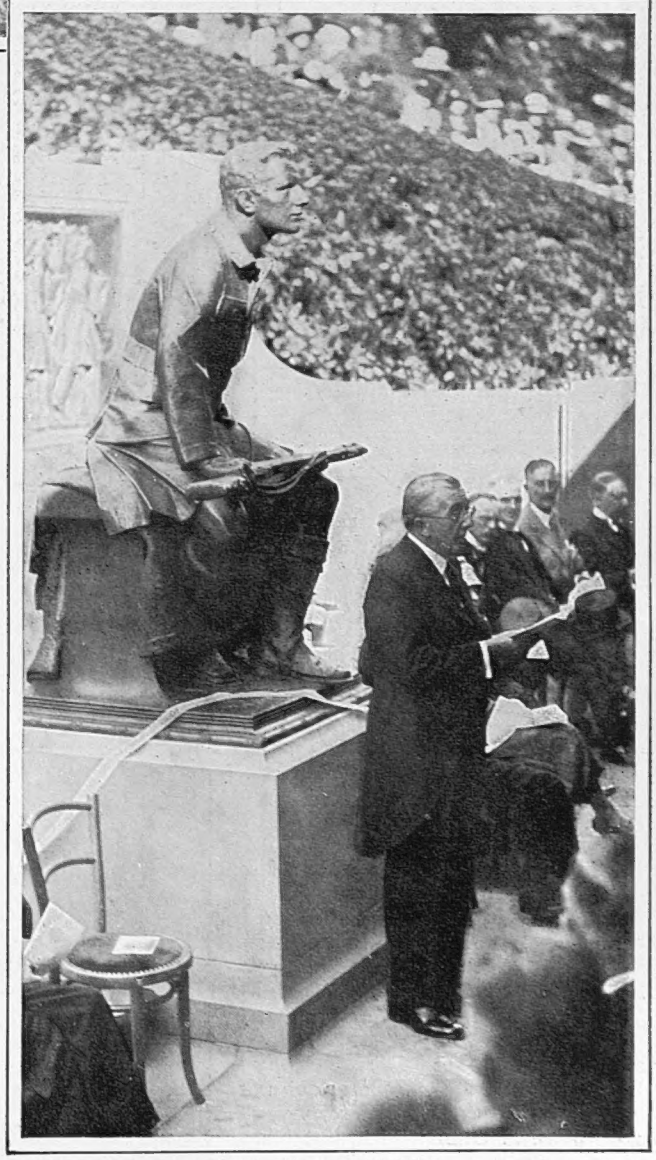
Of all the Highland Gatherings that at Braemar, which was held last Thursday, is considered the most important because of its close connection with the Sovereign and the Royal Family. In fact, its pre-eminence over all the other Gatherings was due in the first instance to Queen Victoria, a pre-eminence which has been maintained by the interest of King Edward and King George.

The Gathering actually had its origin in a friendly society established early in the last century to afford mutual help amongst the carpenters—or wrights, as they were called—of that region, under the name of the Braemar Wrights' Society. Highland games, however, soon became of greater importance than mutual help, and so many members joined who were not carpenters by trade that, in 1826, the society, as a trade society, was dissolved, giving place to the Braemar Highland Society under the patronage of the then Earl of Fife and the then Farquharson of Invercauld, who were its first president and vice-president.

Six years later the Society began to hold athletic sports on the day of its annual meeting, and these have been held every year ever since, with the exception of 1900 when, because of the loss of life in the South African War, Queen Victoria desired there should be no Gathering; again in the year of her death; and, of course, during the years of the War.

The "Devil's Elbow" Removed

The Gathering is now held in the Princess Royal Park at Braemar, but it has had various meeting places. Queen



A NEW WAR MEMORIAL *Central News*

Mr. A. B. Houghton, the American Ambassador, photographed at the unveiling of the Scottish American War Memorial at Edinburgh. It occupies a magnificent site in Princes Street Gardens

Sport and General

THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY (left), SIR JOHN FINDLAY, LADY LUCAS-TOOTH, THE RT. HON. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR FARQUHAR AND MISS WICKHAM

Central News

THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN AND THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY

Sport and General

MISS BURRELL (left), THE EARL OF DUMFRIES, THE HON. MARGARET FORBES-SEMPILL, LADY JEAN CRICHTON-STUART AND MR. GREGOR WHITTON

A SCOTTISH GATHERING

Some of those who were present at the recent Aboyne Games. This Gathering was well attended despite the unkindness of the weather

Victoria's interest was aroused within a few days of her arrival on her first visit to Balmoral. The Gathering was then held at Invercauld. On one occasion Queen Victoria had the Gathering at Balmoral, entertaining the clansmen to a big luncheon and dinner and providing all the prizes for the games.

From the death of the Prince Consort until her first Jubilee the Queen did not attend any of the meetings, which for several years took place at Clunie Park, but King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was almost invariably present. In her Jubilee year Queen Victoria had the Gathering once more at Balmoral, and also in the three succeeding years, entertaining the clansmen as she had done some thirty years previously.

Since the Duke of Fife gave the Princess Royal Park to the village of Braemar the Gathering has been held there, but until last year the road leading to it was a positive terror to motorists, one bend known as the Devil's Elbow being fraught with a special danger. The road has been repaired and reconstructed, the dangers of the Devil's Elbow removed, and many of the gradients modified.

Although the prize money to be won in the games has become so substantial that competitors are attracted from all parts of Scotland, the original objects of the Braemar Wrights Society are still fulfilled. Thus the income of the Society, and the profits of the annual Gathering—except for a small amount placed in reserve—are given to a fund for widows and orphans of members of the Society, and for the support of sick and superannuated members.

It is a thrilling sight when the Duff, Farquharson, Forbes, Balmoral, and other clansmen, each clan headed by its chieftain, march past the hut made of heather from which the King and Queen watch the Games.

Concerning Partridges

PARTRIDGE shooting began on the first of the month, and on all sides one hears nothing but the gloomiest of forebodings. In fact, so gloomy that those who keep faithful records tell you that this season will be as bad, if not worse, than the season of forty-eight years ago, when the voice of the partridge was scarcely heard in the land.

The two principal partridge countries are East Anglia and Hampshire, and in both the wet summer has worked

Sport and General

LADY FARQUHAR (left), MRS. FARQUHAR, MRS. TOM FARQUHAR AND MR. TOM FARQUHAR

Alfieri

MAJOR AND MRS. PHIPPS HORNBY WITH MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE

IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Some competitors and onlookers who were "on the list" of the camera man at the Bath Horse Show

Topical

CAPTAIN AND LADY DIANA SHEDDEN

British Illus.

MISS SYBIL PAINE WITH SAUCEBOX

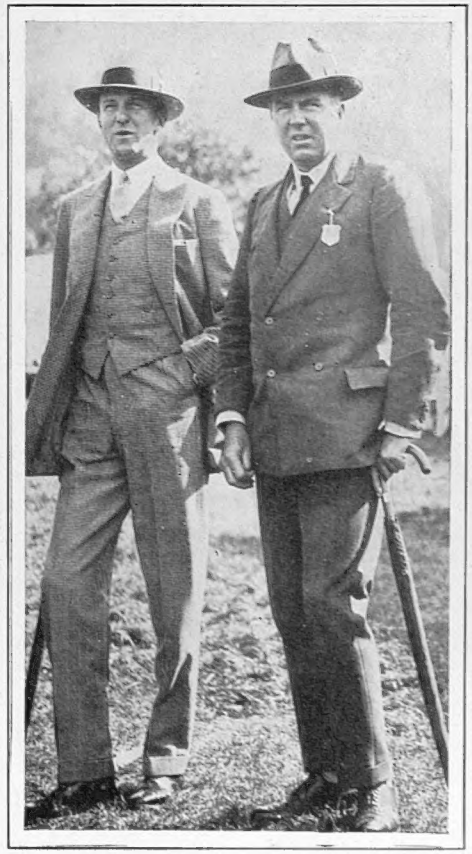
disastrous havoc amongst the young birds. Partridges nest on the ground, therefore the heavy rain has flooded out innumerable nests. Eggs which have escaped flood have been destroyed by the bitter cold nights. When the partridge chicks are hatched their parents take them at once into the nearest cover—growing corn, or grass, or lucerne. This summer all these crops were literally sodden when the birds were hatched out, with the result that pneumonia took a heavy toll of all those nests which succeeded in hatching their eggs.

The most harm, one hears, was done in the last week of June, when unusual cold followed days of heavy rain, and killed off birds that had just been hatched. On the top of this came a heavy storm in early July, which not only destroyed the survivors of the "rainy June" but likewise carried off some of the old birds as well.

So, according to all the reports, the outlook in the particular partridge countries is anything but hopeful. In other places, especially where the ground is high and consequently better drained, there are good coveys which have escaped the rigours of a summer that ought to have a black mark placed in perpetuity against it in the calendar.

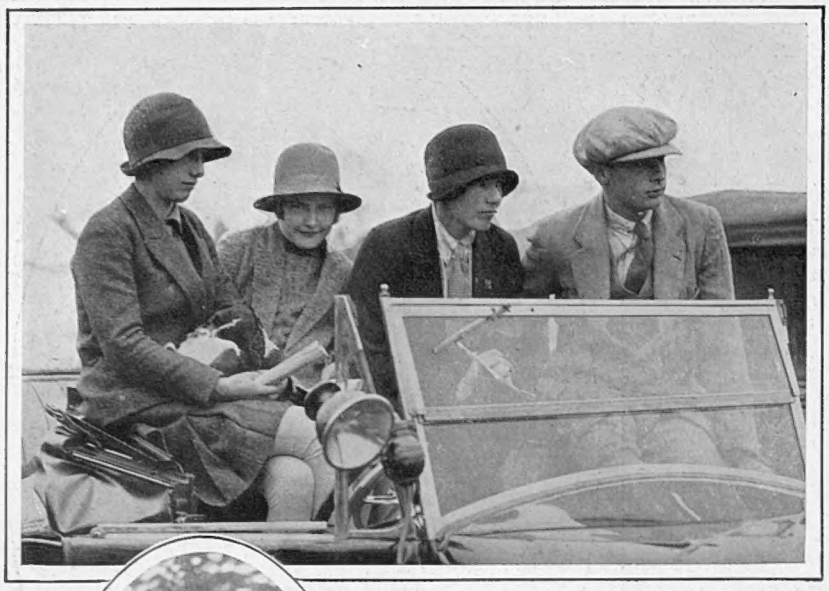
Patience and the Figure

ACCORDING to accounts I have from Berne, the famous Dr. Kocker must be the most popular doctor in Europe. A friend tells me that one big hotel there is practically filled with patients who have come to consult him from all over the world. Every day his waiting-rooms are crowded with people of every station, mostly women, who wait patiently for hours and hours for the *piqûre* which is part of the treatment, given either by Dr. Kocker himself or his assistant, Mlle. Gailler. Princesses, ambassadresses, wealthy women from the two Americas, and from all over Europe, flock to the *clinique* every morning, and amongst them there are generally a few peasant women waiting to be treated for goitre. Many of the patients return to Berne year after year for Dr. Kocker's treatment, spending the greater part of their day in waiting to see him.



Alfieri

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AND THE VICAR OF BADMINTON



Sport and General

THE HON. HELEN PRIMROSE (left), THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, LADY DALMENY AND THE HON. RONALD PRIMROSE

A SHOW DAY AT BICESTER

Fine weather favoured the spectators and competitors at the Bicester Agricultural and Hunt Horse Show. This was held recently at Bicester itself

MRS. H. M. BUDGETT
(wife of the Master of the Bicester)

Another Royal Marriage Rumour

THERE are occasions when it must be especially trying to be a royal personage. Not such a very long time ago Dame Gossip had given the hand of Princess Marie José of Belgium to the Duke delle Puglie, the elder son of the Duke d'Aosta, after bestowing it I don't know how many times upon the Prince of Piedmont, the heir to the Italian throne. Now gossip is seeking a bride for the Duke delle Puglie's younger brother, the Duke of Spoleto, and has found one in the Princess Irene of Greece, the second of the late King Tino's three daughters. Her elder sister is the Crown Princess of Roumania, the mother of the boy-King Michael, and who, in our own times at least, stands tragically alone as the only wife of the heir to a throne who has been openly and publicly deserted by her husband for another woman.

If, in the case of Princess Irene of Greece rumour has a foundation in fact, her marriage with the Duke of Spoleto would necessitate a change of religion, since she is of the Orthodox Greek Church and he is a Roman Catholic. But in this she would be following the example of Queen Elena of Italy, who was received into the Church of Rome from the Orthodox Greek Church before her marriage to King Victor Emanuel, then Prince of Naples.

A Shy Peer

THE EARL OF CAMPERDOWN has the reputation of being the shyest of our peers. When he succeeded his brother, who had held the earldom for fifty years, during which time he was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, the present peer not only expressed a wish not to benefit by the succession, but expressed his intention of not taking the title. As the Hon. George Duncan he lived for many years in Florence. He married an American widow, Mrs. Blanchard, of Boston, and after her death, eight years before he succeeded to the earldom, settled in that city, where he devoted all his time to running a club for young Italians, very much on the lines of the English Y.M.C.A.

Since his succession Lord Camperdown has paid only rare visits to England, but this summer he has been fishing in the Dee, despite the fact that he celebrated his eighty-second birthday in May. He has no children, and after him the earldom becomes extinct.

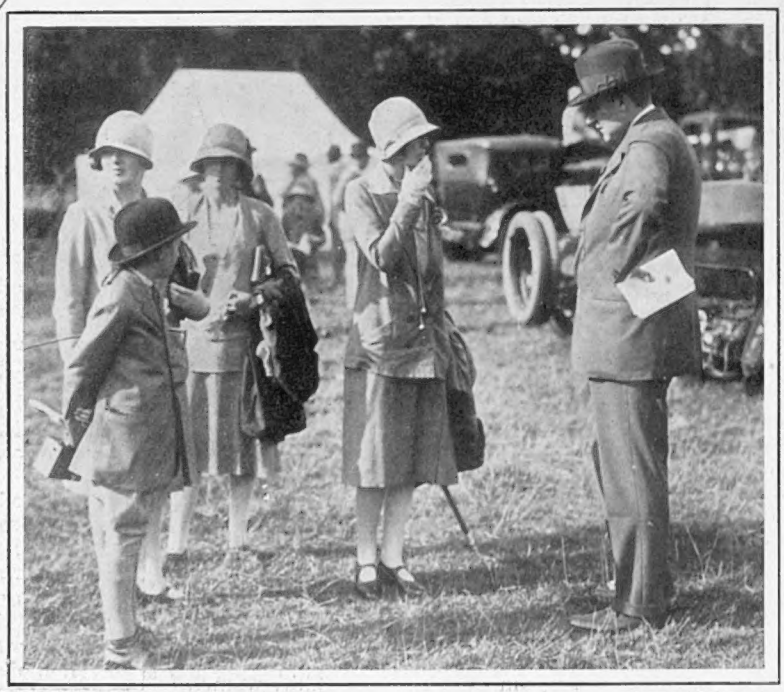
Most of us take it for granted that the Camperdown earldom was conferred upon that Adam Duncan who won the Battle of Camperdown against the Dutch towards the end of the eighteenth century, but he was only created Viscount and Baron Duncan. It was his son and successor who received the earldom of Camperdown, since when there have only been three holders of the title.

Alfieri

THE HON. WILFRED AND MRS. EGERTON

Alfieri

LORD AND LADY ALLERTON



Sport and General

AT DUNSTER

A group photographed at the recent Dunster Polo Pony Show. Viscount Errington (left), Lady Rosemary Baring, Lady Violet Baring, Lady Cromer and Mr. Luttrell

THE ST. LEGER
Some of those who attended the Doncaster meeting on St. Leger day. Lord Astor's Book Law, H. Jelliss up, secured the race

Sport and General

BOOK LAW NEARING THE WINNING-POST WITH HOT NIGHT IN CLOSE PURSUIT

Sport and General

THE HON. MRS. BEATTY AND MRS. FIELDER

Pyjamas and the Lido

IT is just as well that Fashion has decreed the pyjama as the *costume de rigueur* on the Lido this season for the promenade after bathing, otherwise some of the fair bathers might have found themselves in trouble. Earlier in the season a pastoral letter signed by certain of the bishops of Lombardy spoke so definitely about the shortcomings of bathing dress feminine on certain beaches within their episcopates, and notably the Lido and Rimini, that the attention of the Italian police was directed to those places.

The trouble, apparently, was caused by fair ladies walking about the sands, after or before bathing, in "too short bathing dresses," and at Rimini two Italian girls were arrested by the police. They received no punishment except the humiliation of being publicly taken to the police-station, where they were "admonished," and ordered to wear costumes of more generous length in the legs and upper portion.

As I have said, the pyjama habit this year at the Lido saves fair ladies from coming within the bishops' ban and the consequent attention of the police. Personally, seeing the extremity of scantiness to which some women in former years have reduced their bathing dresses on the Lido and other Italian seaside resorts, I think the fulmination of the Lombardy bishops is entirely justified. Three years ago I saw a well-known English-woman on the Lido in a bathing-dress in which she would never have dared to appear on an English beach, or, I doubt, on a French *plage*. The wearing of this dress, I believe, was the outcome of a bet. When the lady was remonstrated with by some of her friends she said airily, "Oh, it doesn't matter, here."

Topical

LORD WHARNCLIFFE AND LADY BROUGHTON

L.N.A.

LORD ASTOR AND THE HON. MRS. LAMBTON

Topical

LORD AND LADY MANTON

It is people like this who have to be taught that such things do matter, wherever they are.

Her Preference

A YOUNG woman, newly engaged, took her future husband to be "inspected" by a somewhat fearsome aunt who had the uncomfortable habit of invariably saying exactly what she thought. As the young couple were leaving the aunt said to her niece:

"My dear, I'd rather have him for lunch than for life!"

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

Later Racing?

I HAD a chat with Lord Lonsdale last week on the subject of his suggestion that a trial should be given to racing later in the day. He is not oblivious to the difficulties which surround the project, but he thinks they would not be insurmountable. Anyway, he believes the experiment would be well worth trying on courses adjacent to populous centres. It would give many people who are engaged during the day a better chance of seeing the sport than they enjoy at present, but I am doubtful whether any appreciable proportion of the enormous crowds which are now attracted to the chase of the electric hare would be diverted to the racecourse. Greyhound racing has a big pull in that it is much less expensive to attend than horse racing. It produces a gate not dissimilar in character to the professional football gate, and I am inclined to think the fear that it will have a damaging effect on the Turf is greatly exaggerated. Doncaster has applied for a new summer fixture, at which evening racing is to be tested. While it will be a most interesting experiment, I venture to predict that it will not become a permanent institution.

Book Law's Triumph

LORD ASTOR continues to meet with wonderful success in bloodstock breeding, and now that he has won the St. Leger the only classic event which remains to be captured by this owner is the Derby. I am afraid it was rather a dull St. Leger. Interest was diminished when such cracks as Call Boy and Sickle passed out of the race. Apart from Book Law and Hot Night it was one of the most moderate fields I have ever seen in the Doncaster classic, and I think we were lucky in being able to secure 2 to 1 about Lord Astor's filly on the afternoon of the race. She started at slightly shorter odds, but there was seldom any difficulty in picking up "two's" about her. I suppose the bookies were fielding against her in the hope that she would be amiss. As a fact, the filly was never in better fettle, and she showed herself to be a splendid stayer. Hot Night ran just the same race as he had run in the Derby. A quarter of a mile from home he threatened danger, but he did not quite stay the journey. Shian Mor finished as far behind him as he had done at Epsom, while Book Law beat Grande Vitesse in much the same way as she had done in the Oaks. What a race it would have been had Call Boy and Beam been in the field! A pity that neither of these cracks will be seen on the racecourse again. I hope Lord Astor will be persuaded to keep Book Law in training for another season.

Cesarewitch Horses

LIGHTNING ARTIST established himself in Cesarewitch favouritism by reason of his sparkling success in the Rufford Abbey Handicap. But do not be in any hurry to back him for the big race next month. I am informed that it is quite likely that Mr. Washington Singer's colt will be started for the Newbury Autumn Cup. Success in that race will entail a penalty which would completely change his prospects in the Cesarewitch. My advice to backers, therefore, is to wait and see what Mr. Singer will do with his colt. Better to take a couple of points under his present price and be assured of getting a run for your money. Adieu was beaten many lengths by Lightning Artist at Doncaster, but I am convinced the Newmarket colt would have shown to greater advantage had not Beary got into a bit of a tangle in the straight. I am fully prepared to see Adieu make a good show in the Cesarewitch. Another worth bearing in mind for that race is Cap-a-pie, who is thought by the Stanley House people to possess an excellent chance of repeating his Ebor success in the more important race. At this early stage I am not going to make any definite selection for the long-distance handicap. I am content to drop the hint that those who take a price about Cap-a-pie will see good hedging before the day of the race.

Young Cracks

I QUESTION whether Fairway greatly enhanced his reputation by his victory in the Champagne Stakes. True, he won decisively enough, but there was a moment in the race when those who had betted odds on him were a trifle uneasy. The opposition was comparatively mediocre. Fairway again gave one the impression of being a lazy customer. If Gang Warily had been a runner for the Champagne Stakes Lord Derby's colt would probably have been extended, for I am sure the Beckhampton colt is one of exceptional quality. Capt. Drummond tells me that Gang Warily did not go to Doncaster on account of coughing. Flamingo, as I have already stated, will not run again this year, so for the time being Fairway has to be regarded as the best of the two-year-olds.

A Speedy Filly

GOLDEN ARABY'S sparkling victory in the Princess Mary Stakes was the one redeeming feature of a bad afternoon for backers on Thursday. Strange to reflect that this brilliantly speedy youngster was picked up for a few hundreds as a yearling. Few of those for whom many thousands were paid at the sales last week will turn out half so well as Golden Araby has done. Her owner is a professional backer, for whom she must have won something like a fortune this season. He nearly brought off a great double at Doncaster, for if Queen's Bower had not been rather slow to get into her stride she must assuredly have secured a victory in the Portland Handicap. At the fine meeting at Ayr this week I regard **Hectare** as possessing a first-rate chance of winning the Scottish Derby for Mr. Reid Walker. **Still Life** should take the Ayrshire Handicap, while **Grandisson** may win the Ayr Gold Cup.

AROUND THE SHOW AT DORCHESTER

MRS. COLEMAN, MISS FARNFIELD AND CAPT J. H. MARSHALL

MISS G. E. M. BULLOCK WITH COCK ROBIN

The Dorchester Agricultural Show is an event which invariably fills the pleasant old town with a vast army of spectators and competitors, and this year once again saw an excellent attendance. The standard of entries was of a high order and the show was voted a success in every respect

LADY ILCHESTER AND THE HON. JAMES BEST

Photographs

COL. W. H. F. WEBER, C.M.G., AND MRS. WEBER

News Illus

MRS. JUDD (left), MRS. MONTGOMERY AND MAJOR JUDD

GOLFING GESTURES

PATRICIANS AT PLAY

By "PENDARVES"

E. R. WHITCOMBE

One of the famous golfing brothers. He recently broke the record for the Old Fold Manor Golf Course, going round in 68 after his brother Charles had done a round in 70

NORTH BERWICK.

Sunday.

WELL, here we are, chaps—all of us. Everyone, that is to say who *is* anyone (and quite a number who will never be anyone at all), is here. It is a sort of golfing Lourdes, whither the pilgrims have come, because only thus can you be in the "reading from left to right" this month. It is a source of unfailing joy to me to watch the nobodies edging towards that seat by the first tee, hoping avidly that the couple of celebrities will get up before the perambulating camera man has used all his plates. And then, in the fullness of time, to observe them lounging on it nonchalantly, deep in conversation together, but with lizard-darting eyes on the camera cove who moves in every direction but theirs. These people must suffer mental agonies that you and I know nothing of.

Oh, the golf? Yes, we do *play*. It took me and mine, *i.e.*, caddie and opponent, three hours and thirteen minutes to get round yesterday. But, as he put it, "there are some very lovely things knockin' about, old boy, and so we oughtn't to grumble." He was perfectly right; there were. I remember one was wearing a cherry-coloured jumper with thin white stripes which—but, anyway, there it is . . .

I can never quite make up my mind here whether the golf comes first in people's thoughts or whether it is the general atmosphere of social assembly. They would, of course, swear it was the golf—"how could it be anything else, you idiot, on this incomparable course?"—I, personally, am much more honest. They have got a bathing pool here and do you know, *really*, what with her cherry-coloured jumper in the morning and her . . . But this is, or was, a golfing page, ordered by a soul-withering editor in London who cares for none of these things: heigh-ho!

There is a type of golfing pestilence prevalent on holiday golf courses who has been persecuting me lately. You must all have met him—the Expert-Novice. The man with an 18 handicap who knows all about the game from 1st tee to 19th green. He adores a three-ball and lured me into that horror the other evening. You know the sort of thing. You are coerced into giving him 8 strokes and the other boob 5, and playing their best ball for more than you can afford. Nearly all these strokes come at different holes. The matter is complicated and he keeps the score card and assumes command of the whole hazardous expedition. Insists on everything being putted out and imparts a wholly unnecessary solemnity into the business—for a business it has now become, especially for you.

This particular Expert-Novice committed three crimes in my eyes which had me beat before we reached the turn. No. 1 concerned a four-ball foursome looming into the foreground behind us. All well-known players *and members of the club*. I suggested we should let them through. He said, "Of course," not very cordially. We wave to them as they wait patiently on the distant tee. Arrive four sweetly hit balls alongside us on the far fairway. When they reach us the pestilence remarks to them in an aggrieved tone, "Oh, I didn't know you were a *four-ball!*" . . .

No. 2 concerned a putt. I had two for it and lay within a foot of the hole. I said "I suppose you'll give me that," flicked it with the back of my putter one-handed—and missed! "Stroke hole," says he solemnly, having maintained the silence of the dead before. As he said, I ought to have known about the stroke holes. But you know how it is on these occasions, and not having the memory of ten men . . . No. 3 concerned a putt also: a vital one. His ball lay in my line on the green. I said, "Do you mind putting, old chap?" "Not *I*," says he sententiously, "I'll see *you* putt first," in a tone which implied mine was a lost cause indeed. And so it was: for having replied irritably, "Well, pick it up or do something with it, but get out of the light," resulted in a stabbed putt and the loss of yet another hole.

An Expert-Novice of a particularly aggressive kind arrived here the other morning for the first time. When he saw two men taking their irons on the first tee he was heard to remark, "Of course, it isn't *golf*, taking irons off a tee at a hole like this." If you remember North Berwick's first hole you will realise what an ass he was.

Another of the same breed down here persisted yesterday in his statement to an opponent that a lost ball (his opponent's, of course) incurred the loss of the hole, and nothing would have dragged him from his conviction, short of a copy of the rules, which one does not habitually carry about in the pocket of one's pull-over.

SKETCHES BY MAC

T. H. COTTON

The young Langley Park golfer, and a semi-finalist at the recent Gleneagles tournament, studying his putt. He is one of the most promising of our younger golfers

Fair Days and Ways at North Berwick

J. C. H. Balmain
LORD BROWNLOW

J. C. H. Balmain
MISS CECIL LEITCH

Sport and General
MISS KITTY KINLOCH

J. C. H. Balmain
MISS JOYCE WETHERED

Topical
MASTER HAROLD FORD

J. C. H. Balmain
MISS MAUD HUNNEWELL

Some of those who are hitting a long ball at North Berwick, where Society is holidaymaking far from the rush of London Town. By their expressions they are all on their game and generally "finding life good"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

IT is said that, in future, all charabancs are to carry spare parts. They will certainly be useful to the occupants of those machines!

. . . . . .

ANOTHER "Infernal Triangle" play will shortly be produced. It is reported that the first scene between the husband and wife takes place "At Loggerheads."

. . . . . .

OWING to the defective mechanism of a greyhound track recently, the quarry was caught. Its owner is going to preserve it as an hareloom.

. . .

"TOMMY, give me a sentence containing the word 'Hawaii.'"

"I want to get Hawaii from school."

. . .

A LADY has just had an annoying experience at a large store. Expressing a wish to purchase some pretty knick-knacks, she was directed by a young male assistant to the *lingerie* department.

. . .

"DOESN'T Jones owe a lot of money for drink?"

"Yes; his wine-merchant regards him as his floating debt."

. . .

"AND where shall we spend our honeymoon, darling?"

"I think," she answered coyly, "that Lapland would be splendid."

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Miss Maisie Gay)

If something bright
You need at night,
A tonic for your drab and stale life,
Just see her act,
For it's a fact,
She'll show you how you Maisie Gay life!

. . . . . .

CREDIT drapery establishments declare that it is difficult to get lady customers to pay their bills. Once their trouble was called "Kleptomania"; now it's yclept, "owe mania.

. . . . . .

"WHY was Charles the First called 'The Unhappiest Monarch?'"

"Because," remarked Bobby, "after he was beheaded, he never smiled again."

. . . . . .

"WHY is it," asks a correspondent, "that people make fun of the town of Giggleswick?"

Well, even if it's wrong, it isn't Giggleswicked.

THOUGHTS ON INDUSTRY

(With apologies to Mr. Edgar Wallace.)

So brimming with knowledge his poll is,
So crammed with the matter that's grey,
That he'll write upon bricks or on brollies,
Or whether a bride should obey,
Whether Eton a school or a Coll. is,
Or any old theme that'll pay!

His style quite delightfully droll is,
When describing some pugilist fray,
Though severe when he states alcohol is
The cause of the flapper's decay;
Like the nightingale (or rossignol) is
His muse when he scribbles a lay!

He will write of the jockey who jollys
His mount when he ought to make hay;
With the burglar's peculiar follies,
He is equally sure and au fait;
On tubes, or on taxis, or trolleys,
He'll insist upon saying his say!

He will pen what Sir Butt or Sir Stoll is
Prepared to fork out for a play;
He will write about Ikeys and Sollys,
Or the tricks of the Violet Ray.
Oh, Edgar! (I must spell it "Wollis"!)
How much do you turn out per day?

. . .

TO-DAY'S reflection:—Possibly the reason why so many comedians fail in their comedy is that their humour is just as broad as it's long.

. . .

Apropos humour, last week, while dancing at a suburban theatre, the 'comic" fell into the orchestra. Probably it was his only chance of "getting over the footlights."

. . .

THE income tax collectors are on the war-path. We can just hear them humming their anthem:—"The more we are to gather——"

. . .

"DOES Phyllis ever try to borrow your clothes?"

"My dear, she's a regular 'bodice snatcher'!"

. . .

ANSWER to investor:—If you buy "Hope Deferred," you may have to wait a long time for your money."

BY A. E. BESTALL

THE MISS AND THE HIT

FIRST GOLFING NOVICE (*to second ditto*): "I say, Brenda, that was a *wonderful* shot of yours at the seventeenth. You know—that time when you *hit* it!"

To the Last Drop!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

JUSTLY INCENSED SPOUSE: "Good heavens! He's got the thermos!"

Revised Version
Produced September 5, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

IN view of the sort of summer through which we have passed, the title of this delightful "Cabaret-Revue" sounds like a meteorological inexactitude. The first item on the programme, however, approximates more nearly to the kind of weather with which we feel more at home. It is called "Look for the Rainbow," and is a spirited song, given by Miss Nina Crosley, which starts the show with a vein of healthy optimism which is good for all concerned. All the turns have a musical accompaniment supplied for the most part by composers who have allowed the pleasing leaven of light humour to permeate their work. It would seem as though Mr. Archie de Bear and his partners had aimed at giving us a home-made entertainment on the lines of the exotic "Chauve Souris," and had got a gratifying bull's-eye. And, since every street hoarding calls to us dutifully to Shop within the Empire, the promoters of this production may fairly claim to have done their Bit.

THERE are twenty-four scenes on the programme, so that it is more variable than the inconstant moon held up to us by the Bard as an Awful Example. One of the earliest of the items shows us a Gypsy caravan, which we all know to be the home of Romance. Miss Elsa Macfarlane, who is the principal vocalist among the ladies, sits on the caravan steps and tunefully appeals to her Romany to return to her arms. And, as we have seen her Romany skipping about with another girl, the appeal is clearly justified. But the chap goes back to her in the end all right. I can personally vouch for that. This attractive scene includes a very pleasing outbreak of melodious whistling, which is contributed by Miss Shelagh Hunter, whose turn is all too brief.

Stage Photo Co.

THAT "FAR EAST" PROBLEM

Elsa Macfarlane (left) as the Singer describes the fate that lies in wait for a Chinese girl who "walks out" with a foreign devil in the musical scena "In Chinatown." Cyril Gill as the Mandarin lends point to the scene by showing Oriental displeasure at the "goings-on" of his favourite

A RATHER less romantic note is struck by Miss Josephine Trix, one of the lighter humorists of the entertainment. She has a song about a lady who wore a locket on her garter, which (even in these days) must be less obvious than the heart upon the sleeve. Courted by many likely suitors, as such a charming lady deserved to be, she desired it to be known that she would marry none but the man whose portrait was contained in the more or less concealed locket. The problem remained a sort of Sphinx's riddle for some time, till one strong, practical man discovered for himself that not only was there no portrait, but there was no locket either in the dainty recess in question. How—yes, I know. But, as Shakespeare so wittily remarks, there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of, and we will, if you please, leave it at that.

A TOPICAL outbreak of fun is supplied by a playful imitation of the Co-Optimists, with whom Mr. de Bear was so long associated. The performers are here called quite happily "The Close-Croptimists," since they are represented by convicts doing their bit of Time. They would have preferred, of course, to write articles for staggering fees in the weekly Press, fulminating against a brutal prison system that fails to include chicken and champagne in the regular official dietary; but, being the happy possessors of a sense of humour, they offer us a playful "Rag" instead. This is a scene of rich and rollicking fun of the best kind.

THERE is a picturesque scene, "In Chinatown," which includes a fierce kind of Apache dance, as you would expect a Chink to wrestle with it; while another dainty scene shows us "A Little Spanish Town" with the highly coloured romance indigenous to the land of the Señoritas. And then we have a choice

piece of nonsense with a background in the Southern Seas, and a foreground consisting mainly of Mr. Norman Griffin and several very nice little girls in their Hawaiian Sunday best. Mr. Griffin represents the typical European who has succumbed to the feminine and other intoxicating influences of the Sandwich Islands. We are told that when in Rome we should do as the Romans do, and by the same token apparently visitors to Hawaii are expected to follow the local customs with a nice precision of detail. Mr. Griffin's song is entitled "Don't Tell My Mother I'm Living in Sin!" his lapse consisting mainly of a convivial excess of grape-juice and matrimony.

Max and Harry Nesbitt are two comedians who hail from South Africa (more Empire produce!), and they seem to have syncopation in their bones. Their most successful turn is a whirlwind representation of a couple of Zulus on the warpath, with a war-cry that consists mostly of a noisy splutter from lips that are so thick that they make quite a bunch on the face. This little freak provokes a shriek of laughter that is positively hysterical. Then we have Mr. Jay Whidden and his Band of very modern musicians, who are, to say the least, distinctly audible, and whose efforts are clamorously appreciated by a very modern audience.

An amusing scene is called "Back to Croquet." We are in the mid-Victorian period, and the "Captain with the Whiskers," who was the "knut" of the day, has stolen away from his sedate croquet partner to join a set of young ladies in long frocks who have started a game of lawn tennis, which at that time was considered to be rather "fast," and not the sort of thing for respectable people to encourage. The fun consists in the contrast between those times and our own, which our progressive young people of to-day naturally find distinctly amusing. Mr. Norman Griffin is very successful here as the tennis player of yesterday; while earlier in the evening he makes a tremendous hit as a "Lad in Plus Four."

Miss Josephine Trix has other songs in the production, notably one in which she announces that when she Discovers her Man he won't be able to get away again. But she need not worry about that. Most eligible men have noticed the difficulty of getting away again after they have been Discovered. Miss Trix, I understand, comes from the States, as do the very pleasing trio, the Hamilton Sisters and Fordyce. But this is a Free Trade country, and we can always welcome attractive imports of their kind. A newcomer to London, Mr. Russell Johns (with piano), is an entertainer of high quality who seems to have upset the old line about mortals not being able to command success, since he has performed the feat quite conclusively. The legendary exploit of Claude Duval in dancing with a great Lady whose coach he had held up is gracefully reconstructed by Miss Elsa Macfarlane and Mr. George Vollaire; and other scenes of charm combine to make this the ideal musical entertainment. Jingle.

IN PERFECT HARMONY

The Hamilton Sisters and Fordyce, who are newcomers to "Blue Skies." Their harmony singing is one of the features of this entertaining show

"Widows are Wonderful"

Pauline Portraits

Miss Madge Elliott, who is a clever dancer as well as a charming actress. She takes the part of one of the widows in "Lady Luck," the successful musical show at the Carlton Theatre

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"A Parisienne perched near by"

MES AMIS—

I USED to think there was an excess of societies for this, that and the other, and that it would be advantageous to rub the greater number off the slate of existence. But I have now come to the conclusion that there is a crying need for just one more, and that it ought to be constituted with as much celerity as possible. This Society would have as its helpful duty the Compelling of People who Make Asses of Themselves to Stop at Home, and thus circumscribe their assinity to the parish in which it was thoroughly known and where the natives would be ready to anticipate it and take the necessary measures.

AS it is, this obnoxious class of individual is able to indulge in an over-developed wanderlust, and inflict its *agaçant* habits on unsuspecting strangers, often foreigners, who pick up a very bad impression of the nation to which the offender belongs, by reason of his ineffable antics. Take the case of an adventure which befell us recently. After supper rather latish we picked up a taxicab at the Place de l'Opéra, a little after midnight, to move homewards. As we moved off we noticed a good-looking suit-case on the seat, obviously left by the last passenger.

WE were about to stop the chauffeur and tell him to drive to the nearest *commissariat* for *objets perdus* when it occurred to my friend, who occasionally has these attacks of brain pressure, that the suit-case might have been left by an Englishman, who would experience a lot of bother over the formalities for recovery, while it might possibly contain an indication of his address. So we decided to open it. Inside we found a luxurious dressing case which stamped the comfortable financial situation of the owner, but no address. Still, having germinated the idea of restoration we determined to carry on, and asked the chauffeur if he could remember where he had deposited his last client. He said it was an American bar, which he could easily find again, and off we went, on a line contrary to our own direction.

"We asked the chauffeur if he could remember"

ON arrival we asked the barman if any of his recent patrons had complained about losing anything in a taxicab, and immediately a Parisienne perched near by called to someone in an interior *salon*. "Hermann, here are two gentlemen who have found your valise." To the accompaniment of a lot of what sounded to us surprisingly like chunnering, Hermann heaved his way to the bar, showing himself obviously an American of that impressively massive type, about six feet four upwards, like a buffalo across the shoulders and well-featured with it. Hermann eyed us over for about three minutes, then, apparently disliking or despising us, turned to the girl and growled, "Well, waddo they want?"

RATHER mildly, in the circumstances, we explained that we had found a suit-case which was presumably his, and had thought it a bright idea to restore it to the owner. Our hopes that Hermann might pull himself together and say, "Attaboy," or something equally agreeable in American, were disappointed. He continued to look at us disparagingly, and said, "Waal,

waddo you expect me to do?" Still mildly we informed Hermann that we did not expect him to do any little thing so far as we were concerned, beyond proving that the suit-case was his and taking it off our hands; but that we thought it would be a most appropriate deed if he gave twenty francs to the chauffeur "in recognition of a bit of luck." "I don't see why," immediately grunted Hermann.

"I don't think I give the impression of being a weakling!"

THEN others appeared from the interior *salon*, signalling themselves as friends of Hermann, and striving to convince him that our suggestion was about the ideal thing for the situation. One of them slipped out and gave the chauffeur fifty francs, telling us quietly that he had put things right and mentioning incidentally that he was a Scotsman. My friend, who, for some unfathomable reason, likes to lay claim to about half an eighth of Scottish blood, said he also was a Scotsman, and remarked, "You need to point out to your friend Hermann what sort of a bad effect this kind of thing has on Frenchmen, who are apt to make the rather natural mistake of thinking all Americans are like that."

BY this time the advice of the other friends seemed to have operated on Hermann, and he remarked, "Waal, I suppose you'd better have a drink with me." Still it seemed to be grudgingly, and my friend could hold in no longer. "If you think we've come all this distance out of our way, boobster," he replied, "to pick up a cheap drink you're telling yourself the wrong story. And we would just like you to know—if it *can* get through your obtuse angle—that the numerous good American friends whom we possess in Paris will not thank you for this demonstration of Lower Main Street stuff before Parisians. Good-night, Big Boob."

"Well, waddo they want?"

AND, lest it should be thought there is any suspicion of anti-Americanism in this story, I will add another concerning an Englishman, a youngish Englishman of apparently comfortable condition whom I saw at Calais, and who, after loading up a porter from the boat with vast quantities of weighty luggage, added the last straw to his burden by remunerating him with the stupendous tip of twopence—in French coppers! Twenty centimes, or the value of a little less than a ha'penny in British currency! Others, besides the *porteur*, mentioned quietly, and then very demonstratively, that it was not enough, but the perfectly tailored, self-satisfied one could not be moved even to the extent of a franc, and another shame-faced travelled Englishman—as is only too often the case—had to come to the rescue by paying the porter.

PEOPLE of this sort should never be allowed to voyage abroad. Formalities for the securing of passports are generally looked upon as a nuisance, but perhaps it might not be a bad thing if an examination could be imposed on such curmudgeons to ensure that they would not go gadding about foreign countries harming the reputation of their more sensible countrymen. There are enough serious points of divergency without adding puerile ones.

TO complete the round I must include the account of a scene witnessed on a Paris 'bus. It is a common complaint nowadays that men rarely get up to give their seats to women in 'buses and tube trains in Paris, and the complaint appears to be justified; but the incident in question will certainly not make for an improvement. A woman, of what is described in Paris as *d'âge mûr*, that is, around the fifties, had been standing on the platform of the 'bus for some time without any of the numerous men inside offering to give up their seats, when a young fellow, who had been buried in a book, noticed her and at once jumped up, raising his hat as he indicated the vacant place. "Bumpkin," immediately cried the woman in lieu of thanks, "I don't think I give the impression of being a weakling!" How do these people develop this *goujaterie*?

RENÉ.

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GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

"½ or more dozen of frightfully ferocious bandits emerged from a rock"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

THE as follows extractions from my now so world-esteemed diary, depict the frightful perils and sufferings I enjoyed when pushing a forced march from Hail Columbia to the Patagonias via Texico and other blood-thirsty spots.

April 1-th. Accompany by my *entourage* (French for Hon. Arabian guide name of Alli and camel) I arrived in Texico, which are regarded to be 1 of the most desperate countries in the globe all greatly noted for its brigands, banditties and other romantic *débris*. Before I had scarcely set feet on its sod, ½ or more dozen of frightfully ferocious bandits emerged from a rock armed *cap à pie* (French for "to the teeth") with guns, pistols, knives, daggers, bombs, razors and suchly non-peaceish equipments. In less as 2 or 3 shakes of a lamb's tail, I was cruelly seized and bound to a tree with ropes and chains for shooting bullets at.

Caramba!" (Texican for "What the!") ejaculed the bandit captain, an awful desperando with mustaches more than a foot long each way, "this are very luckish snips. Hon. *señor* (gent) looks to be so rich as a Rockingfeller. If he does not disengorge 10,000 dollars *muy pronto* (Texican for *p.d.q*) we shall enjoy the painful necessity of torturing him slowly to death. Diego, kindly to produce the burning-irons, tooth-pullers, strangling-cords and scalping-knives. Ha, ha, *cameradoes*, this are going to be a records sporting day, or my name are not El Capitano Ricardo Escandallo de St. Juan y Alcabazar y Pronto Despacho!"

"Long live our so brave and noble *Capitano*! This are non-doubtfully the stuff to administer them!" imbarked these blood-stained banditties, jumping for glee.

"How now, *gringo* (Texican for fat-head), will you impump us 10,000 dollars *pronto*, or shall we endure to witness your agonising spasms as you die more slowly as inches and with awful accompaniments?" impopped hon. Bandit chief.

Notwithstandingly that my heart was in my feet I succeeded to sustain a boldish and heroish attitude.

"Permit I should inform," I responsed, so aloofish as a cucumber, "that I entirely non-possess the requisite dollars."

"How extremely non-fortunate, *señor*," ensneered Hon. bandit. "Diego, kindly to decapitate 1 of this handsome stranger's ears. This shall possibly cause him to strenuously reconsider his assets."

"The most glumptious femn I had ever witnessed"

"Stop!" I ejaculed fiercely, "know you who I are?"

"No, nor do we enormously care, *señor*. Diego, kindly to at 1-ce carve this *hidalgo's* ear as per indent," responsed the chief.

"Take a care," I depopped. "Permit I should politely inform that I are not any the less than *Yogo Hama*!"

There was a frightful silents for several tics and then the bandit captain ejaculed a laugh of ghoulish glee.

"Ha, ha, *caramba*! This are non-doubtedly my lucky-star day. So you are Yogo Hama and I possess you in my clutches at last! Now you shall disengorge us not less as 1 million dollars on the

nail, or endure non-speakable agonies in lieu. But for you, dog of a dog, I should now be nuptialled to the so beautiful and rich Donna Isabella d'Alvarez de Tonneau y Castellano, curse you! 10,000 *carambas* and *diables*, how enormously I hate you!"

"Impardon me to say that I are entirely innocent of any finger in your nuptial pie," I responsed.

"That are all you know, *señor* dog," rebanged the bandit. "Alasly, less as 2 or 3 weeks ago we found a copy of Hon. BYSTANDER (curse it) on a gent whom we enjoyed the privilege to slowly stew in oil because he happened to non-produce 5,000 paltrish dollars. I gave saidly BYSTANDER (curse it) to the Donna Isabella d'Alvarez de Tonneau y Castellano, but would that I had a 100 times bitten my head off 1-st. For, so foolish are women, she at 1-ce fell more as head over heels in love with your alleged face that was attached to your piffling contributings. Now she has handed me the bird and I have sworn to live only for revenge and not die till I have ferociously slaughtered the dog who blighted my life. And now, ha, ha, I have him in my grips. O, more better a 1,000 times it should have been for you if you had not ever sucked breath. *Cameradoes*, kindly to sharpen your carving-knives. To-day shall be a *fiesta* (bank-holiday Monday). Ha, ha! Now I shall take a juicy revenge. *Caramba!*"

"O woe are me," I bemoaned, "this are not the 1-st time by very long chalks that my so fatal beauty has caused me to land in a kettle of fish. Are it that a world-wide and brilliant *literati* are to be cut off in the flower of his blossoms to make a bandits' holiday? O that I had been a mediocrity person with only a democratic face that should not have caused lovely femns to die with love for me! Better, better far a 100 times to be piously humble and non-celebrate, than a scintling genius entirely surrounded by bandits and carving-knives. Indeedly yes!"

"Ha, ha! Now I shall take a juicy revenge. *Caramba!*"

"Dog, your hour are come!" ejaculed the bandit captain advancing to me with his carving-knife at the ready. "Prepare to taste your doom. Don Ricardo Escandallo de St. Juan y Alcabazar y Pronto Despacho knows how to adequately deal with an enemy and a rival. O how sweet are the flavour of revenge. When the Donna Isabella d'Alvarez de Tonneau y Castellano arrives to see the mangled remnants of your mortal coil, she will swoon for horror. And now, because you have so bitterly wronged me, I shall have the 1-st bite!"

With a blood-curdled laugh, Hon. captain raised his carving-knife before my blenchless gaze. In less as a Jack Robinson I should have been knifed to the quick. But, just as he was about to make the fatal puncture, a frightful cry smote the surroundings.

"Hold, Don Ricardo Escandallo de St. Juan y Alcabazar y Pronto Despacho!" ejaculed a voice more sweet as bees and honey. "I, the Donna Isabella d'Alvarez de Tonneau y Castellano command you!"

Seated upon a luxurious and tremendously *h.p* equine and armed to her teeth with swords and pistols, was the most glumptious femn I had ever witnessed to see with eyes and hair more raven black as a crow.

"Too late, too late, *caramba!*" exclaimed the remorseless bandit. "You have scorned me for this moon-faced ink-performer; this dog of a *literati* who lives by only depicting truthless lies. Ho there, *cameradoes*, up carving-knives and at him!"

Nextly moment—

Yogo Hama

Dennis Moss

HUNTING IN SOMERSET

A general view of a recent meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. It took place in the picturesque little town of Dunster

"Love Me, Love My—"

Rachur.

Miss Elvira Henderson, who is appearing in "Peggy-Ann" at Daly's Theatre, grants an interview to a youthful admirer. She is a niece of Lord Faringdon

Summer's Close and Winter's

Photographs A BRITISH WIN

T. A. Torrance, the International golfer, who added to his laurels by winning the Open Tournament on the Wansee Course, at Berlin. His club is Sandy Lodge

IN FULL SAIL *Sport and General*

Mr. K. V. Preston's Nyama running before the wind with full rig. The photograph was taken during the 8 Tons Handicap Class B event at the Burnham-on-Crouch yachting week

Central News

ENTER RUGGER

Rear-Admiral Percy Royds, C.B., President of the Rugby Union, shaking hands with the Catford Bridge XV, who lost to Edgware by two tries to three penalty goals and two tries. Before the match the President opened the new enclosure and stands at White Lion Grounds, Edgware

Sport and General

YOUTH IN THE SADDLE

Master George Hartigan on Mr. Noonan's Nap taking an obstacle in the Jumping Competition, which he won, at the Kilmallock Horse Show, Co. Limerick

Debut in the Sporting World

"JUNIORS" AT HARROW *Sport and General*

Competitors in the Middlesex Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Harrow line up for the camera. R. K. Tinkler and Miss J. Ingram won the Boys' and Girls' Singles respectively, and Miss Ingram was also in the winning pairs in the Girls' Doubles and the Mixed Doubles

A FAST GAME *Sport and General*

Motor cycle football, in addition to providing exciting sport, also gives the players opportunities for emulating the grace of the Russian Ballet. The photograph shows a Coventry back clearing the ball in the recent match at the Crystal Palace between the Coventry and Douglas teams

CONGRATULATING THE WINNERS *Central News*

The Duke of Abercorn photographed with Dodson and Shaw at the close of the Ulster Grand Prix. They were first and second respectively in this big motor cycle race

A LADIES' EVENT *British Illus.*

Mrs. Marcy (stroke), Miss Cockey (bow) and Miss F Hewett (cox), who won the Island Cup at the Dittons Skiff and Punt Club Regatta, face the inevitable camera after their victory. This was the Club's fourth annual regatta

Course Language

BY THORPE

"Is the Colonel out this morning?"
"I ain't 'eard 'im, sir"

"My friend . . . deliberately left the two of them alone"

IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX

By HOLLOWAY HORN

Illustration by G. BRIAULT

"IN spite of everything," said Birnbaum reminiscently, "I like the Americans. What would happen to the antique trade in this country or in France—particularly in France—without them I don't know."

He contemplated the ash on his excellent cigar. I had met him on the sands at Birchington—of all places—where he and Madame Birnbaum were spending a quiet week-end. Madame was complacently knitting a sock at his side. I remembered that the great art dealer had once told me that he always wore hand-knitted socks, and that his good lady knitted them for him.

"Of course," Birnbaum continued in his slightly husky voice, "they want value for their dollars. They *want* it. They do their utmost to obtain it, but some of the alleged antiques they insist on buying make we weep. Did I ever tell you of Mr. Spenser D. Walkins?"

"You did not," I said, and settled more comfortably in my chair.

"Mr. Walkins," Birnbaum said with a twinkle in his bright little eyes, "was a connoisseur. He was, I understand, recognised as an authority on Old Masters in his home town. . . Cincinnatti. He himself informed me that he had bought several Old Masters when last he was in Europe. Several mark you, and, for Old Masters he got them at most reasonable prices."

"Lucky man!" I said, and Birnbaum smiled at my remark before he continued:

"I have been in the trade for many years, but I have only bought one Old Master. He was *very* lucky, and I'm sure that he fully deserves the reputation which no doubt is his in that home town. But the particular picture I want to tell you about was a Greuze, the head of a young girl with those soft blue eyes that Greuze so loved to paint.

"It was hanging in a little shop in the Rue de la Paix when Mr. Walkins saw it first. A most interesting little shop, full of curious and beautiful things. It is owned by my friend Monsieur Graatz. He is one of the few genuine cynics I know; I think I have spoken to you of him before?"

I nodded, and Birnbaum continued in his imperturbable way:

"Graatz himself told me the story, and in its way it illustrates the mentality of the American seeking value for his money in such a street as the Rue de la Paix. Walkins saw the picture one morning, and bent down to examine it as it was hung rather low.

"'What's this?' he asked.

"'Oh, that! Nothing,' said Graatz. 'I thought at first that it was a Greuze, but I don't think so now. Indeed, I'm certain that it is not.' He walked on as if the matter were closed. He was taking Mr. Walkins to see another picture you understand.

"'What are you asking for it?' the American demanded, without attempting to follow Mr. Graatz.

"'It is not for sale,' said Graatz a little shortly. 'I do not sell fakes.'

"But the American was insistent in his request that Graatz should give him a price. It is a little curious that if one is reluctant to sell an article a certain type of customer will be satisfied with nothing but that one thing.

"He offered Graatz fifty dollars for the picture, but Graatz, in his way, is a stubborn man: 'No,' he said. 'I do not desire to sell. My wife has taken a fancy to it, and I have promised it to her. In any case, I would rather not sell a picture to you which I knew to be a copy. In this trade, above all others, one's reputation is a valuable business asset.'

"'But if I buy it as a copy!' protested the American, not to be put off.

"'Even so I cannot sell it. It is promised to my wife. And, moreover, as a copy it is worth more than fifty dollars, although I do not stress that aspect of it.'

"Mr. Walkins, of course, assumed from this remark that Graatz was simply attempting to put his price up in the usual way, and increased his offer, only to find that Graatz was obdurate.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

He was inclined to be annoyed, and if ever an American is annoyed. he buys nothing further. It is a pity that it should be so, as they are easily annoyed, but, in any case, Mr. Walkins left the little shop in the Rue de la Paix without spending a single franc.

" He came back, however, the following day, and with him another American gentleman called Sinclair. He is well known in Paris, and he *is* a connoisseur. He does *know*. There are few men on the Continent who know more about pictures—real pictures—than Mr. Sinclair. His opinion, indeed, carries weight, not merely with those who wish to buy pictures and seek his professional opinion, but with the trade. I have known him make mistakes, but very rarely; a picture that would deceive him is good enough for most people. Graatz, of course, knew at once that Walkins had brought his fellow-countryman to examine the picture he imagined was a Greuze; indeed, I am fairly certain he expected that Sinclair *would* be brought—one gets to understand American psychology after a while in the antique trade. It was obvious that he himself—Walkins, I mean—did not agree with Graatz's condemnation of the picture. This rather amused my friend, who deliberately left the two of them alone in order that Sinclair could examine the picture at his leisure, and without interruption.

" When he returned Mr. Walkins was obviously in a cheerful frame of mind. He bought a very doubtful Corot sketch at an excellent price against the advice of the expert he himself had brought to the shop.

" ' It is doubtful. . . . I give no guarantee with it,' Graatz pointed out as he packed up the little sketch. ' I think it is a particularly charming piece of work, but whether it is actually the work of the great painter whose name it bears I cannot say.'

" ' None of us is infallible,' said Walkins. He was, as Graatz had noticed, in an exceedingly good humour.

" That afternoon he was back again —alone. And once again I fancy that Graatz was not surprised. After beating about the bush he offered Graatz four hundred dollars for the little picture which was, or was not, by Greuze.

" But Graatz shook his head.

" ' I'm sorry,' he said. ' But I do not wish to sell it. I'm certain in my own mind that it is a copy, and I cannot risk the damage to my reputation that would follow if I were to sell a copy.'

" ' But, my dear chap, there is no law against your selling the copy of a painting by Greuze or any other man. And I've offered you a damn good price for a copy. A damn good price ! '

" ' You will forgive me, Mr. Walkins, but I could not help noticing that Mr. Sinclair examined the little picture carefully. Evidently he does not share my opinion. I am not infallible, nor is he, but a picture that may be a Greuze —and if it is genuine it is certainly a specimen of his best period—is worth keeping. It is, after all, a matter for experts. If the others agree with Mr. Sinclair, it may be worth very much more to me than the sum you offered, although I admit I paid three hundred francs only for it.'

" ' In other words,' said Mr. Walkins, ' it's a gamble. If it is a Greuze I get it cheap for . . . a thousand dollars. If it isn't . . . you do a very fine stroke of business. But that is my final offer. A thousand dollars—that's twenty-four thousand francs.'

" Graatz smiled.

" ' In my judgment,' he said again, ' the picture is a copy. I will sell it as such if you insist. If I am wrong you will, as you say, have done an excellent stroke of business.'

" ' I understand fully. I will buy it as a copy. . . . I will give a thousand dollars for it, as it stands.'

" Graatz shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing else for him but to close with the offer. You cannot refuse an American . . . if he goes far enough.

" ' I give no sort of guarantee,' Graatz repeated. ' If my opinion is sought I shall condemn the picture.'

" ' No guarantee whatever,' the American said, and ten minutes later was stowing the picture away in the back of his car. And I have every reason to believe that it graces his dining-room in Cincinnatti to this day."

Birnbaum puffed appreciatively at his cigar, and looked out over the sea as if he come to the end of his story.

" And was it a Greuze? " I asked, feeling certain that he had merely paused for effect.

" No," he said thoughtfully. " It was not a Greuze. But I have no doubt that it is very effective in that dining-room in Cincinnatti, where Mr. Spenser Walkins has the reputation of being a connoisseur. After all, there must be a great consolation in being regarded as a connoisseur, even if it is only in one's home town."

" But what about Mr. Sinclair? " I asked. " You said he *was* an expert—that his opinion was respected even in the trade."

" That is so. I would myself accept his opinion, within certain limitations, upon any comparatively modern picture, particularly of the French school."

" But I gathered from your remarks that he told Walkins that the picture *was* a Greuze."

" I'm not absolutely certain on the point, but I have no doubt that he did. None whatever. I think Walkins' subsequent actions prove it."

" Surely an expert could tell the difference between a Greuze and a copy ! " I protested.

" Of course. The picture *Sinclair* saw was unquestionably a Greuze; it is in the *salon* of Madame Graatz at Senlis to this day. As a matter of fact, I sold the picture to Graatz in the first place."

" But you said it was in Cincinnatti ! " I pointed out.

Birnbaum smiled : " That is a copy, as Graatz said it was—indeed, as Graatz described it in the receipt he gave to Mr. Walkins. A curious people, the Americans . . . but one cannot help liking them. There is a certain *naïveté* . . ."

" You mean that he changed the picture after Sinclair had examined it? " I asked.

" Why shouldn't he? " replied Birnbaum blandly. " He said that the picture he sold was a copy; indeed, he insisted that it was a copy. He never said that it was the one Mr. Sinclair had examined. Graatz wouldn't do a thing like that, I'm certain." H. H.

THE COACH'S REVERIE

When my final net is empty, and I sit at home and think,
With a Wisden at my elbow and a glass of soothing drink,
I can see the day's performance pass before me once again,
And reiterative warnings echo vaguely in my brain.

There is Dennis, who is awkward and inclined to step away;
There is Anderson, the " robot," with his stiff, machine-like play;
There is Billy Brown, the younger, with his keen, discerning eye;
There is Whigham, with his cowshot, who can hit 'em hard—and high!

And it's " Get the front foot over! Put your weight behind the ball! "
And it's " Bat and foot together, with the top hand guiding all ";
And it's " Up, behind, and throw it for the back and forward cuts ";
And it's " Footwork, footwork, footwork " (and a boundless store of " guts "!)

And I see them in the evening, when my back is stiff and sore;
They are making all the howlers that I pointed out before;
And they seem to get no further, while another week goes past,
But we tell 'em, tell 'em, tell 'em, and they'll get it right at last.

G. D. Martineau.

"In Life's Morning March"

Speaight

PATRICK AND BARBARA, CHILDREN OF LADY MARY CRICHTON

Photographs

MARIE, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. KENNETH LINDSEY

Marcus Adams

IAN, SON OF MRS. LESLIE LANG

A trio of charming studies of children. They are being exhibited at the Annual Exhibition of the Professional Photographers' Association

"BALLOONS"

Joan Craven

A study by Joan Craven at the Annual Exhibition of British Photography. This exhibition, which is held by the Professional Photographers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, is now on view at the Princes Galleries, Piccadilly. It closes on September 24

THE WILD LIFE

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *Sept.* 12.

DEAR COUSIN—

THAT wild life is so bracing, isn't it? Or, anyway, said to be according to various authorities, including a certain more or less celebrated explorer man, name of Seton-Karr. Who states, asserts and declares that they're ever so much fitter *and* happier than us, the simple and unspoilt savages of Africa, so long as they manage to keep out of the way of so-called civilisation that is—*that* does it all in and breaks up the happy home right away, so to speak. Happiness being to have the fewest wants—but, says he, we go and try to *make* 'em want things all for the sake of our trade.

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SOMETHING in that, perhaps, isn't there? Or possibly even quite a lot, what? And deep down in most of us there is, I do believe, a kind of longing for the lovely simplicity of a life reduced to the lowest common multiple or whatever they used to call it at school. Even in U.S. millionaires who apparently adore above all things to go off camping, as they call it, in the lonely woods of the Adirondacks or wherever it may be. And live in tents and sit round camp-fires dressed like Boy Scouts, and call each other "old-timer" (whatever that may mean) and paddle miles and miles along local rivers, and nearly break their broad (or Broadway) backs doing portages and things.

MILLIONAIRESSES of same great nation, though, not altogether quite so back-to-naturish as all that, seemingly. Like the one in Edith Wharton's brilliant new book, "Twilight Sleep"—have you read it? Oh, dear cousin, do, if only as a consolation and a warning—a consolation, I mean, for not being a millionairess, too, and a warning of what seems to happen to some of them. "The blessed peace of the country!" sighs Pauline, gilded lady above-mentioned, as she glides out to her rural retreat in frightfully expensive car. Pauline was persuaded that she was fond of the country—but what she was really fond of was doing things to the country, and owning, with this object, as many acres of it as possible. . . . A two-mile drive it was through the grounds to the house, and all the way she was taking stock of the Japanese water-gardens and Dutch gardens and things all built up by dollars. Seventy-five thousand bulbs this year—twenty-five thousand more than last year—*that* was how she liked it to be. . . . Etcetera, and so on. Such a nice efficient millionairess she was, too—handsome, grey-haired, with her whole day booked up in quarters of an hour, what with facial massage, and having her hips reduced, and psycho-analysis!

"Still we dance"

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THERE 'pears to be positively quite a *passion* just now for stage heroes from low life, so to speak. There's the chauffeur for one in *Potiphar's Wife*, who turns Mrs. Potiphar down and gives her such a talking to in the last act. Also, of course, the fisher lad in *Yellow Sands*, and the cutpurse in *The Vagabond King*—though certainly does happen also to be a famous poet, this last. And then there's Mr. Godfrey Tearle, too, in that other latest honest-to-God wow, *Seventh Heaven* at the Strand, who's a sewer-man to start with, though afterwards promoted to street-washer, which is apparently a step up in life—and, oh, the lovely Lyceum sob-stuff he's got to put across as the hero Chico (Parisianly pronounced Cheeko), but that's by the way. What about a policeman or postman for the next effort, or one of those charming people who always take you down in the Tube lifts just *exactly* in time to miss your next train, what?

"Husbands . . . are being positively neglected"

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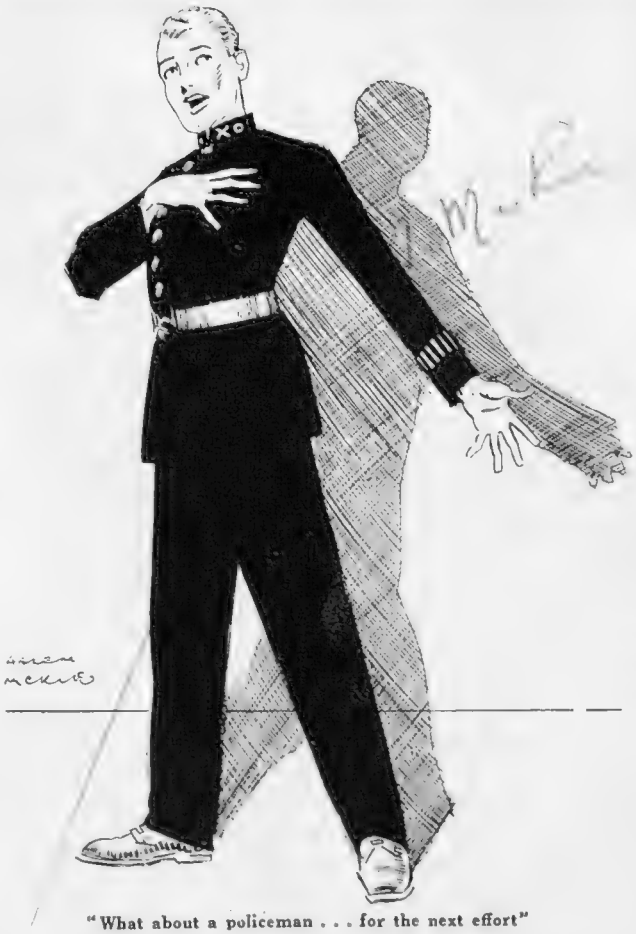
WHICH would be quite terribly popular *sans doute* with at least some of the gallery girls, who apparently make or mar a play these days, and anyway utterly drown any sort of cheers or

otherwise that ever come from the stalls only, of course, the stalls are a bit too gentlemanly ever to applaud very much, even on first nights (when they actually wait till the end), and ever so much too ladylike to boo. Especially now theatre tickets are part of a parlour-maid's "perks"—or so it seems from recent advert. in the public press, where such is named as lure for prospective Gladys or Nippy, plus wireless and rides in the family Rolls-Ford. Simply lots and lots of stage heroines in so-called humble walks of life there've been for years, of course—but that's quite diff. Superiority of women in adapting themselves to all sorts of circs. having long ago been demonstrated, *e.g.*, that celebrated ex-scullerymaid or something, Lady Hamilton, not to mention one or two or three modern instances I won't name. Whereas men . . . well, yes, I grant you America, perhaps, but then standards are somewhat different over there, *n'est-ce pas?*



"What about a policeman . . . for the next effort"

And they *are* rather good days for women, these, aren't they? I mean, was a time, we're told—and the evidence seems quite overwhelming—when weak women simply sat at home and tatted or tattled (or both) while strong, whiskered men masterfully bestrode the world and made money and doled out a small slab thereof in dress allowances and occasionally rewarded their poor humble followers of the inferior sex with a condescending pat or a hirsute kiss. As graphically described for instance in a popular poem of the period, to wit and in these wellnigh incredible words:

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hai-air so brown?
She wept with delight when you spoke a kind word,
And she trembled with fear at your frown. . .

Oh, can't you see it being done these days, dear cousin, even by the most ivy-like clinger and sycophantic he-man-adorer of us all? When, on the cont., they *do* say husbands and others are being positively neglected and made naught of by their aforetime appendages, who just smile and smile, not to say laugh, if reproved for over-smoking or under-dressing.

"Tall slimness being the only mode of the moment"

Not that we're wild women, not by any means. It's only the conventional at heart that really want to go wild by fits and starts, and women are so much more naturally unconventional than men, however much they may succeed in hiding it—the ones that matter at all, I mean. And some of us have got serious troubles of our own to deal with, too, tall slimness being the only mode of the moment and not always so easy to attain, not without much prayer and fasting, especially the last. Which a doctor or somebody says is quite *the* most fatal thing ever, what with lunching on a lemon with a Turkish bath to follow—but, after all, what is a poor girl to do? Even if supported by dictum of aforesaid authority that "the present silhouette of women is a disgraceful caricature of the ideal female form," and various remarks about the Venus of Milo and whatnot. After all, said Venus lived (if she ever did) quite a long, long time ago, and she wasn't ever asked to put on, not to mention take off, any of the frocks of the moment, what?

So forward to a brighter Bond Street (now people are coming back), and the beauty doctor (if required). And so home, having shopped, to dress (as slimly as poss.) and dinner and the dance. . . Yes, still we dance, spite of all the profs. and people of the well-known British Ass., as affectionately so named. Who've just been informing us that dancing's only the mere sort of hereditary sequel of the days when we were all kind of protoplasmic blobs of jelly and things, and went a-quivering all the time because it was our nature to, or words to that effect. Cheery news, is not it? But now Winston's told us he's not going to put on even a single protoplasmic farthing on the inc. tax, or anything else, not for the moment. Anyway, can't help feeling more or less cheerful, even if I *am* the offspring of a prehistoric blancmange, can you?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

WEDDING TIME IN LONDON TOWN

LEAVING THE CHURCH *Pathé*

Capt. G. H. Gordon, of the Gordon Highlanders, and his bride, Miss Denise Heath, leaving St. James's, Spanish Place, after their recent wedding. Mrs. Gordon was before her marriage well known on the London stage, having played in several revues of the "intimate" type

A CRICKETER'S WEDDING *Swain*

Mr. John Lindsay Bryan photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Irene Innes Pocock, after their wedding at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. Mr. Bryan has played cricket for Cambridge, Kent and England, and is the eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Bryan and Mrs. Bryan, of Beckenham

AT THE ORATORY *L.N.A.*

Mr. Wilfred Eyre with his bride, Miss Marjorie Ross, sister of Sir Humphrey Rose, leaving Brompton Oratory after their wedding. Mr. Eyre is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, of New York, and a brother of the Countess of Gainsborough

Phases of the Open-air

Sport and General

MRS. F. COURTNAY-MICHELL WITH HER CHAMPION AIREDALE, MARYVALE PHYLLIS

Topical

MISS PEARSON WITH HER BULLDOGS

IN DOGGY SOCIETY AT THE BRIGHTON SHOW

Sport and General

MISS D. BARTON PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER CHAMPION FOX TERRIER

WELL OVER *Topical*

A striking photograph taken during the trial Rugby match between the Waratahs and Plymouth Albion, showing Plymouth converting their first try. This was the Waratahs first public appearance in England, and they won by 21 points to 11

IN RACING CIRCLES *City Press*

Miss Isabel Jeans with her greyhound, Golden Sovereign. He has run at several dog-racing meetings lately

Life from Many Quarters

IN LINE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP *Central News*

A group of competitors in the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships of Great Britain at Wimbledon

PRESENTING THE CUP *Dennis Moss*

Mrs. Jackson presenting the prizes at the West Somerset Polo Finals at Minehead. Mr. I. Hilder is seen receiving the Novices' Cup

Central News

IN THE RUNNING

Girl competitors in the Junior Championships at Wimbledon. Their enthusiasm seems the greater by comparison with the masculine reserve of the boys

AT LE TOUQUET *Keystone*

Lord Birkenhead and Señorita de Alvarez formed an interesting partnership in the open lawn tennis tournament at Le Touquet. They are here seen in play in the mixed doubles

TAKING AIM *Photo Illus.*

Lady Maud Warrender, who is a devotee of archery, photographed at the Southern Counties Archery Meeting. This took place at Tunbridge Wells

FAMOUS CHRYSLER FEATURES

WALTER CHRYSLER
born in 1875, designed and built a four-foot working locomotive before he was eighteen. From fitter, foreman, superintendent and general manager, he has risen at meteoric speed to become the designer of some of the world's most famous cars

LUXURIOUS COACHWORK
OF THE NEW

SIX CYLINDERS
HYDRAULIC BRAKES

N NEW LOW-PRICE MODEL

ast year Chrysler astounded the whole orld with his now-famous '60'—a 6-cylinder hrysler at a lower price than ever before!

ow—in the new Chrysler '62'—his restless enius has surpassed even that wonderful chievement. Here, *at an even lower price,* is ne famous 7-bearing crankshaft for vivid, lken acceleration. Here again the hydraulic -wheel brakes with which Chrysler has made gh road speeds safe. But here is also still ore brilliant verve. Still greater, smoother ower from an engine now sprung on *live bber.* Still longer, roomier bodies for greater mfort and space. Lower, more sweeping roportions, for still greater beauty of line.

udy the new '62' in the dealer's showroom. sk him to show you the new instrument nel with its hidden lights, the new verti- lly opening windscreen which gives ample ntilation without draughts. Test a '62' oroughly on the road without cost or bligation—and you will realise that never fore could you buy such luxury and per- rmance in a car, for so little money!

Touring (5-seater) - -	£385
2-seater (with dickey) -	£405
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CHRYSLER 62

EVEN CRANKSHAFT BEARINGS

CHRYSLER MOTORS LTD. KEW GARDENS SURREY

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

I HAVE heard many people say that of all the scores of public school stories *The Bending of a Twig* is the sanest and best. To-day Mr. Desmond Coke's admirable story must be just about celebrating its coming-of-age; yet it is neither old-fashioned nor out of date. True, it was written in the days before the Sixth Form had begun to find audible fault with the Public School System, and before headmasters had discovered that the columns of an evening newspaper could be a better vehicle for their ideas about life than even the school notice-board; but it remains what it was—a true and unfanciful picture of public school life with a little good-natured criticism at the expense of the older school-storytellers.

Of late years the System has received many hard knocks. We have been told that it is reactionary and absurd. The schools themselves, it is said, with their snobberies and their fetish of games, are doomed. They may turn out gentlemen, but they stifle individuality and teach nothing that will be of use in later life. But you know well enough the kind of thing that is said. . . . Now Mr. Coke is no alarmist—first and foremost he is a novelist out to tell a good story—but his experience as a schoolmaster has taught him that there are certain legitimate criticisms of the System to be made, not only against masters and boys, but also against parents (who are so often to blame when anything goes wrong). He believes in the System, but there are problems attached to it which want solving, and it is round one of these problems that he has written *The Worm* (Chapman & Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net).

❋

IF *The Bending of a Twig* was good, *The Worm* is better. It is a story which parents and schoolmasters will enjoy equally with boys, for it gives you in plain sequence the "ordinary" events in the school career of a fairly "ordinary" likeable boy who does not happen to be good at games. You know what almost invariably happens these days: unusual prowess with a ball sets you on a pedestal, and not only at the public schools. But whereas in the world outside failure to make a ball move in the required direction at the required pace does not necessarily bring unpopularity in its train, at public schools it very often does. Hugo Dean is really the jolliest creature, but on the football field he is a muff. Unfortunately, too, it is discovered that he has the bad taste to be interested not only in "work" but also in—of all gruesomely horrible and unnatural things—pictures and books and antiques! Somebody calls him a worm, and the name sticks. What is to be done?

Hugo's father, a naval officer, is a wise man, though not perhaps the wisest of fathers. It is under his direction that the boy is taken in hand during the holidays by a cricket professional, and taught to bowl a wily ball. He does not really like cricket, but he has a boyish ambition to do something for "the House." In an important cricket match he performs wonders, and the unpopularity disappears. It is discovered that he is actually a "decent" man with a proper sense of fun and even a liking for mischief.

But the book does not end here. The Hugos of this world do not change as the result of an afternoon's sport. As most schoolmasters, though few parents, know, an unathletic Head of a House has a very hard time of it. Mr. Coke shows us Hugo triumphing in this position, and the manner of his triumph says much for the boy. He will leave school not ill-equipped for future battles. But the main problem remains. What about those boys to whom the propelling of a ball in a field can never be anything but drudgery? Mr. Coke may have his own solution, but quite rightly is satisfied to set out the problem. There is no propaganda in his book. But there is in its pages what most people will admit is about the most authentic picture of modern school life to be found in the books. *The Worm* is vivid and entertaining and real: indubitably Mr. Coke's best work.

❋

THERE is a tendency amongst writers these days to cement fiction and fact into a new kind of embroidered autobiography. Mr. Harold Nicholson has done it superlatively well in his *Some People* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which everybody seems to be reading, and I have just read a first novel which, if it does not give you real names, suggests in almost every page that real names could be had "on application." The book in question is *The Silent Queen* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by W. Seymour Leslie, and it is one of the most intriguing first novels that I have read for a long time.

Life, as one of his characters says, is seldom tidy, and most novelists spend a great deal of their time in attempting to tidy it up. Mr Leslie is well aware that rules and regulations of some kind are necessary to every work of art, but he makes his own. He does not worry himself trying to invent any particular plot, but by taking a sort of bird's-eye view of his hero's life manages to give you a really vivid and interpretative picture of his period. He writes, moreover, with that blessed sparkle which is all too rare. At times, it may be, you will find yourself thinking that he is omitting too much, but a little reflection will convince you that he has chosen the right method. Elaborate detail is not wanted in a book of this kind. A cunning sentence or two can work wonders.

R. S.

Angus Faith

STELLA PIERRES

The attractive young actress who is playing in "The Music Master" at the Apollo Theatre, where she also understudies the leading lady. In private life she is Miss Agnes Blois, being a cousin of Sir Ralph Blois, Bart.

THE London Repertory Company who have played in a wide range of plays at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross, celebrated the first anniversary of the company's opening on Saturday last. The play selected for the anniversary week is *The Three Musketeers*, the version by W. J. Mackay adapted by Martin Sabine. During this week a year's subscription to any one of the Great Eight periodicals—*The Bystander, The Tatler, The Sketch, The Graphic, Illustrated London News, The Sphere, The Sporting and Dramatic*, or *Eve* will be presented to the member of the audience whose programme number wins the prize.

THE BERTH OF VENUS

BY WILMOT LUNT

"Like many an old friend, Craven Mixture is appreciated not for appearance, but for proved qualities.

I've smoked it for many a year and can assure you that it's the smoothest and most satisfying tobacco a man could wish for—still blended and matured by the true old-fashioned painstaking methods as it was in 1860.

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2 oz. 2/5, 4 oz. 4/10 in Airtight Tins. CARRERAS LTD., Est. 1788

Femina

METEOROLOGICAL

By "CANDIDA"

I've had letters from people who've rediscovered the Summer Riviera. It's quite a craze, as everybody knows. The programme they enthuse over sounds rather Lido-ish: Sun-bathing, cocktails, real bathing, more cocktails, dancing. And every day, so they say, a real sun blazing out of a real blue sky! It's almost impossible to realise that such things can be. No "weather permitting" about anybody's plans. The weather always permits, so they say. And I feel a little envious, a little disconsolate and distinctly damp having just attempted a much-postponed picnic on the downs only to end it ignominiously in front of a big log fire in somebody's hall, a fire on which we all congratulate ourselves and the hostess.

Why didn't I go South, I who love warmth like a lizard. Because of a stubborn belief in the law of averages. It had rained during most of our June; it had poured in July, deluged in August; therefore, our renowned Indian summer was overdue in September. Nothing would induce me to miss it. Nothing could be lovelier than its silvery sunshine, its misty blueness, and the gorgeous freshness of its mornings sparkling with diamond dew.

Not this September, though, at least not at the time of writing. There's no hint of the old magic. Instead a silver curtain of fine rain blots out the view, a curtain blown lightly this way and that by an obstinate West wind. But, by dint of looking at it, I've discovered that there are uglier things in the world than rain. And, by sheer force of will, I've persuaded myself that I like the gentle splashing of it on the broad, flat leaves of the plane trees in the garden.

I have known some wonderful, wet days in Scotland; rain-drenched days when ghostly wraiths of clouds chased each other over heathery hills; when shimmering curtains of silver mist rolled back to show some green hillside far away, and then came down again as if to blot out a vision too beautiful to last. Unforgettable days, much lovelier than the hard, sunshiny ones that occasionally, very occasionally, followed them. Silent days without cars, chars-a-bancs, motor cycles, and the inevitable stress and strain of getting somewhere, that's a penalty we pay for sunshine. No sooner does his majesty the sun appear undimmed than it's decided that the occasion must be celebrated elsewhere.

For instance: "How did you like Biarritz?" I asked a friend the other day. "It was a bit of a scrimmage," she confessed. "Every fine day, and there were lots, the whole of Biarritz dashed off to St. Sebastian. Half-way we always met the whole of St. Sebastian tearing off to Biarritz. But I enjoyed the rainy days all right." Which only proves that, even apart from the elusive beauty of them, it's the rainy days that are the saving of one's health on one's holidays. It's thanks to them that we are able to cope when we return with the new shows, the latest *revues*, and, most formidable of all, the autumn collections. It's thanks to them that we feel splendidly fit—that is if we didn't spend them stuffily over bridge, or more excitingly at a green table somewhere in a *Cercle des Etrangers*.

Breathing in the damp, delicious air, tramping over miles of wet heather, buttoned to the chin in oilskins, or more becomingly in one of those new mackintoshes of cheery red or blue, I defy anyone to spend a pleasanter day. With nothing to do but to watch it rain, to see the long, slender threads of crystal stretching from earth to sky and weave on them the web of dreams. Only when it rains does one have the time and the temper for such dreams. Only when it rains is there any opportunity to think things out and take breath.

Therefore you jump to the conclusion that, as we've been consistently rained on this summer, we're now so much nearer the Millennium! Well, I haven't noticed it. Not everybody is suitably grateful for, let's say, the opportunities of wet weather. I wasn't myself, and even now I'm not at all sure that the first ray of sunshine wouldn't make hay, so to speak, of my careful arguments. "Think," I would say, "who wants to think on a holiday?" Who wants to think at all, for that matter? That's why one bears with the papers. They save one the trouble of evolving opinions on one's own. Thinking encourages imaginary grievances. That's why quite harmless people will see danger where none is; they'll see danger in anything, even in silk stockings. As if there hadn't always been silk stockings, and the only difference between then and now is that we see more of them! Besides, all is not silk that looks like it. In fact, the more it looks like silk the less likely it is to be silk. The best advice ever given to anyone is, "When it's raining, let it rain."

SONIA BLOOR *Lenare*

A photograph of the talented dress designer and creator, who in private life is better known as Mrs. Shelden-Wilkinson. After a successful visit to America she is back at her London establishment, 62, Brook Street W.

R. Sobol

ERNEST AND YVONNE

Caught in a strenuous moment. These clever dancers are at present appearing at the Café de Paris

SHOWS AND SPORTS

LET DOGS DELIGHT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A FORTNIGHT from to-day will bring the opening of the Kennel Club's 66th annual Show at the Crystal Palace. The Scottish Kennel Club's Show at Edinburgh is fixed for October 12 and 13; and Belfast holds its Show to-day, Wednesday. The Kennel Club's Retriever Trials will take place at Overton, Marlborough, in the first week of next month; and during the remainder of this month and the whole of October there will be Hound Trailing and Sheepdog Trials in different parts of the country, notably in Cumberland. Greyhound racing is exciting sport, no doubt; but for those who take the study of Dogs, their psychology and their physical capacity, at all seriously, there are no more interesting spectacles than those provided by the Field Trials, the Hound Trials, and the Sheepdog Trials, in all of which you shall see canine intelligence, training and discipline in perfection.

If large numbers of our English Airedales were as carefully and efficiently trained to guard and patrol work as our Sheepdogs are to herding, there would be small demand for foreign breeds for police service in any country. Readers who (to judge from certain recent comments) fear that certain foreign varieties are overshadowing our own breeds in popularity, may like to know that the registrations of Airedales during the first half of this year were more than double those of the corresponding period five years back; Wirehaired Fox Terriers almost double. Several varieties of our Gun-dogs have also doubled their registrations in the same period.

The hon. secretary of one of the leading Dog clubs writes:—"Members of Canine Associations who can afford to be generous should certainly present their respective clubs with copies of Mr. Edward Ash's magnificent work, 'Dogs, Their History and Development' (Ernest Benn, £5 5s.). Its comprehensiveness is wonderful. Its author, whose address is Asheldham, Southminster, has given an illustrated lecture on his chosen subject in some towns. Would not this prove a valuable sideshow at some of the big exhibitions?"

Folk who take their Dogs with them into the country at this time of year find first-rate sport in ratting, especially where harvesting or thrashing operations are toward, and, be it noted, in mole-catching; a most fascinating game, this last, and the best imaginable for training Terriers in self-control and all-round efficiency. From now till November the moles work near enough to the surface for their scent to carry pretty well down wind, but the stalking must be very wary, for the mole's sense of hearing is marvellously acute. The final plunge or going to earth that brings the kill must be patiently awaited until the critical instant at which the mole is within an inch or two of the surface, or your stalk is wasted. It may occupy a quarter of an hour or more from the moment of picking up the scent, and must be just as breathlessly silent as you can make it. The mole-skins are worth having, and the rats are exceedingly well worth killing, for their depredations cost the country as much as a tidy-sized war each year. Sealyhams, Fox Terriers, and Dandies are specially good at moling. Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble is a knowledgeable authority upon these sports, and has given information to many about entering Dogs for them.

Correspondents who enquire about Sir Wm. Arbuthnot Lane's recent writings on the subject of keeping Dogs in the home might refer to the Editor of *The Kennel Gazette* (84, Piccadilly), or to the July issue of that journal. So far from opposing the keeping of Dogs as indoor companions, the famous physician holds that, given rational care, it involves no risks whatever. And without rational care everyone's a danger, human and canine alike.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

RISKING THE GAME

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

I DEALT recently in these columns with the laudable desire that every keen Bridge player experiences to squeeze out of every hand the utmost that it can yield, and I showed how, frequently, tricks, which are not apparent on the surface, can be made. But in advising players always to be on the look-out for such opportunities I expect my remarks to be applied with common-sense. Never have I advised that one should risk certain game for the sake of an extra trick or tricks. And yet the blame is put on me for the following incident:—

	S.—9. H.—7. D.—A, K, 10, 8, 4. C.—Q, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3.	
S.—7, 5, 2. H.—K, Q, J, 10. D.—Q, J, 7, 5, 3, 2. C.—None.	Y A B Z	S.—6, 4, 3. H.—8, 6, 3, 2. D.—None. C.—K, J, 10, 7, 4, 2.
	S.—A, K, Q, J, 10, 8. H.—A, 9, 5, 4. D.—9, 6. C.—A.	

Score: Love all. Z dealt and bid "One Spade"; A "Two Diamonds"; Y "Three Clubs"; B "No Bid"; Z "Three Spades"; all pass.

A led the King of Hearts and Z took the trick with the Ace.

He saw that he had certain game against any distribution of the cards if he led out trumps immediately. But he thought he would be "clever" and take an extra trick by ruffing a Heart with Y's singleton Spade, regaining the lead with the Ace of Clubs and then running out trumps.

But as you will see it did not pan out like this. Z got his ruff of the Heart all right. But when he then led a Club, A trumped and led a Diamond which B trumped. Z failed to make game. A, B, made two ruffs and two Hearts. Z exclaimed angrily:—

"All because I followed this infernal advice about making an extra trick."

. . . .

But this was not the end of the affair. At the conclusion of the rubber the Dummy of the above hand said:—

"I could win a trick over game in that hand you messed up." Cut to the quick Z bet him a pound he could not.

So the previous "Y" took Z's place, and the previous "Z" played A's cards, the only stipulation being that the King of Hearts was to be the opening lead as before.

Z won with the Ace, and led out five of his six trumps. At this stage the cards left were:—

	S.—None. H.—None. D.—A, K, 10, 8, 4. C.—Q, 9.	
S.—None. H.—Q, J. D.—Q, J, 7, 5, 3. C.—None.	Y A B Z	S.—None. H.—8, 6, 3. D.—None. C.—K, J, 10, 7.
	S.—8. H.—9, 5, 4. D.—9, 6. C.—A.	

The tricks went like this:—

Trick 7.—Z 9 of Diamonds, A Jack, Dummy King, B 7 of Clubs.

Trick 8.—Dummy 9 of Clubs, B 10, Z Ace, A 3 of Diamonds.

Trick 9.—Z 6 of Diamonds, A 7, Dummy 8, B 3 of Hearts.

Nine tricks to Z, making the required eleven with the Ace of Diamonds and the trump. So the extra trick was made after all, and without risking the game.

BUCHANAN'S

(From the original painting by Maud Earl.)

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" combines in its Blend the finest age-matured whisky, and represents the Highest Standard of Quality in Scotch Whisky.

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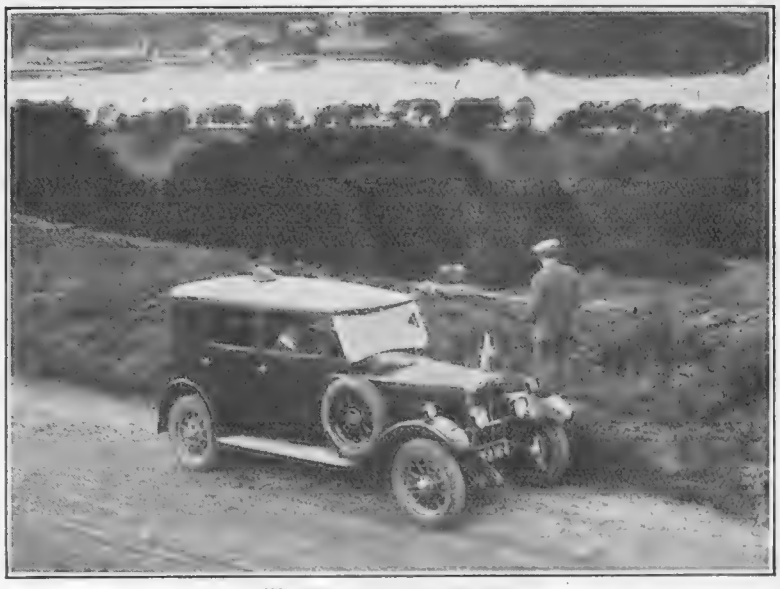
MOTOR NOTES



IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

One of the new two-litre six-cylinder Rover cars photographed amid picturesque surroundings. It is a medium-priced 16 h.p. car of outstandingly fine road performance, and will be shown for the first time at the coming Olympia Show

"OUTSIDE the city walls we find many wondrous things of which the indwellers know but little," is the very apt quotation from Marco Polo (1275) that appears on the title page of a new book published by Methuen at 7s. 6d., called "Just Beyond London." It is by Gordon S. Maxwell, with illustrations by Donald Maxwell, himself a celebrated writer on lesser known parts of the country. "Just Beyond London" speaks in homely and readable fashion of rambles in and around the few remaining spots of historical or scenic interest in the suburbs which have still escaped the builder. To the average Londoner the number and variety of these old places, such as Twyford Abbey, not five miles from the Marble Arch, will be a revelation. To motorists of the Metropolis these places will suggest themselves as ideal objects for half-day runs. So though it is written primarily for the walker, the book is of real interest to the car owner who has any regard for the beauty and interest of old-world surroundings. I may add that Mr. Gordon S. Maxwell's style is most readable. He has the same aversion for the manner of the archæologist or antiquarian as the average man in the street has for those very words.

***

THE Franklin car, about which I wrote last week, was almost unknown in England till this season, when the first batches were imported by the newly formed Franklin Motor Company, of 21, Chilworth Street, and promptly sold, in spite of having left-hand drive. This very live concern, as well as the car it handles, is one of which we are going to hear much more before very long. They have already carried out several convincing demonstrations in public, such as climbing Bwlych-y-Groes full out on low gear with a heavy saloon packed with people. They have full plans for giving service to owners, and 1928 models are already arriving with right-hand drive. This will remove the only disadvantage of the car from the British point of view.

***

YOU will always find it a safe rule, when buying a new car, that you get what you pay for. When you pay more for a light car that on paper appears little better than many cheap vehicles, you may generally depend upon it that the proportionate value is there. In the case of my present car, a 9-20 h.p. Humber, which cost £267, I soon found it in the refinement of the engine and springing and in the general standard of comfort. Now that it is well into its fourth month I am

(*Continued on page* vi)

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The prices, too, are the lowest possible, compatible with quality.
A visit of inspection is cordially invited, or a Catalogue will be sent upon request.

Prince's Plate Cocktail Shaker.
½ pt., 18/8 1 pt., £1 7 6
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Prince's Plate Cocktail Set with English hand-painted Glasses. £7 15 0
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Cocktail Cabinets, similar to illustration, from 80 guineas.

THE NEW TWO-LITRE SIX-CYLINDER ROVER

"The engine is smooth and notably silent in its action . . . There is a general air of cosiness and comfort which lifts the car into a high category . . . In short, the new two-litre Rover forms a very notable addition to the ranks of British six-cylinder cars."—"The Autocar," Sept. 2nd.

£16 TAX
15·7 H.P.

WEYMANN SALOON £425

The Two-Litre Six-Cylinder Rover is a medium-sized, moderate-priced car of the type that the majority of motorists will find to suit their every requirement. This new model has been undergoing exhaustive tests for over twelve months, and has emerged from them with highest possible honours. Its road performance is in advance of any similar car on the market, while its reliability and sturdy construction are beyond question.

Here is a brief specification:—Six-cylinder engine, bore 65 mm., stroke 101.6 mm. (2023 c.c.) Detachable cylinder head, overhead valves, camshaft in crankcase driven by silent chain. Full pressure lubrication, gearbox and clutch being automatically lubricated from engine. Engine cooling by pump and fan, with thermostat to facilitate warming-up. Ignition by coil and accumulator, or magneto ignition £10 extra. Sweet-acting cork-insert clutch, three-speed gearbox. Enclosed propeller shaft, spiral bevel final transmission. Twelve gallon petrol tank, four-wheel brakes. Wheel-base 9 ft. 10 in., track 4 ft. 8 in. Prices: open touring 2/3 or 5 seater £410. Weymann Saloon as illustrated £425, or with folding roof £445. Fuller particulars with pleasure from The Rover Company Ltd., 61 New Bond St., W.1 or Coventry. Deliveries commence shortly.

Below is an illustration of the engine of this notable new car. The clean, straightforward design is obvious, and throughout the car similar simplicity and accessibility are apparent. No finer value in cars has ever been offered than this new two-litre six-cylinder Rover.

On the left, the car is shown making an easy climb of the notorious Wrynose Pass, in the Lake District. The new Rover has been thoroughly tested before being put into production.

THE CAR FOR 1928

coming across it in many other directions as well. One is the absence of squeaks and rattles. Another is the quality of the paint-work and plating. Under the British summer, even more than the British winter, cheap finish soon loses its pristine polish, however well cared for. With my Humber, sheer lack of time has prevented my practising half what I preach to others on the subject of water and elbow-grease. Yet, whenever it does receive a "wash-and-polish," it comes up almost as bright as on the day when I took delivery. Its standard finish (mole) is also a utility colour which does not show the dirt. But the hood has suffered in appearance from the absence of a hood cover or "bag" in the standard equipment.

***

It is evident that even in this matter of external finish, and even in the cheapest of the range, Humber cars are still built to the standards of durability by which our old-established firms won for the British motor industry its world-wide reputation. Long may they find it possible to continue this policy. For the ordinary motorist the moral is worth repeating: you get what you pay for—and it is a thousand times worth getting the best you can.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

In the foreground is seen a 6 h.p. Riley Tri-car manufactured in 1904, and in the background a 1928 9 h.p. Monaco Fabric Saloon. The photograph illustrates vividly the advance in design and efficiency effected during the last twenty-three years

The "Nippy Nine" is no more. The popular little Rover so appropriately named has recently had its engine enlarged a few millimetres in the bore, increasing its power to 10·25 h.p., and as the 10·25 h.p. it enters upon a new lease of life. (Will they call it the "Touchy Ten"?) When in Coventry the other day I had a run round in a sports two-seater with the Ten engine, and certainly the difference is very striking. A good example of the former Nine was possessed of astonishing acceleration and speed for such a small engine; but that there was still a margin for improvement is shown by the better performance of the new engine. This Super Sports two-seater at £240 is an intermediate model that deserves to be better known. Carried out in plain aluminium it has rakish lines, with a sloping windscreen, tapering tail and disappearing hood—an important feature in a sports car of any kind; and its light weight gives the engine a chance.

***

I noticed that the springing is not harsh at slow speeds, as it is on so many sports cars; yet at its maximum (over 55 m.p.h.) it held the road perfectly. The exhaust of this particular car is not meant to vie with that of the Rolls-Royce, yet it is not aggressive or unpleasant. The Rover semi-sports two- and four-seaters at £260 are pretty well known, owing to the lively four-colour scheme in which they are finished in cellulose. With the enlargement of the engine a new body was recently added to the range, a fabric saloon at £250. Space does not allow of my going into the many detail excellences of this car. E. M. Wright.

Only at Eton do we still behold the full glories of the once ubiquitous topper.

Times change—but not so human nature. To-day, as of yore men take trouble in buying a new hat—be it a bowler, soft felt or jaunty snap-brim. For no man can look well dressed in a shabby hat.

Buy a Battersby. It is a hat known all over the world as standing for the best British make.

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BRITISH
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FOR MEN

Sold by the Best Hatters

20/-, 25/-, 30/-

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"The general Joy of the whole Table"

Macbeth.

Cerebos
SALT

TRIPLEX ADVERTISEMENTS

The illustrations used in *Triplex* advertisements are always based on fact, and though they may deter some from becoming motorists this is more than outbalanced by the large numbers who have benefited by acting upon the advice they contain. *It is our aim to make motoring safer and in ratio increase the number of motorists.* Moreover, the newspaper cuttings reproduced are always genuine and are selected from the hundreds which reach us. If there is doubt call and inspect our files.

Normal orders for *Triplex* can now be despatched within ten days.

BRIDGEND COLLISION.

A head-on collision occurred at Bryntirion, near Bridgend last evening, between a motor-car driven by Lieutenant-Colonel [redacted], of the Welch Regiment, Llanelly, and another car driven by Mr. Charles [redacted], of Cathedral-road, Cardiff. The fronts of both cars were damaged, and Lieutenant-Colonel [redacted] child, aged 2½ years, was taken to Bridgend Cottage Hospital with severe cuts caused by flying glass. The other occupants were not seriously hurt.

Extract from "The South Wales News," 6th July, 1927.

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write of their consistent satisfaction during the many years they have used Wakefield Castrol.

24th August, 1927.

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd.

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We have pleasure in confirming that we are using exclusively your Castrol "R" lubricating oil on all of our Napier "Lion," Bristol "Jupiter" and Armstrong-Siddeley "Jaguar" engines.

During the many years we have used this oil it has given consistent satisfaction in all engines and under all climatic conditions.

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For and on behalf of IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LTD.,

(Signed) H. L. HALL,
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Ensure the same consistent satisfaction from your engine; insist on—

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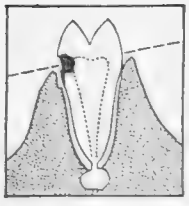
C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Protect THE DANGER LINE where gums meet teeth



Cross-section of a tooth showing Acid Decay at The Danger Line

THE gums thin out to a delicate edge where they meet the teeth. Look closely and you will see the tiny V-shaped crevices formed by this meeting of teeth and gums. You will find these tiny crevices extend along the front, the back, and between the teeth. They form The Danger Line.

Food collects in the tiny V-shaped crevices of The Danger Line. Here it ferments, forming acids which may lead to decay and often to Pyorrhœa, and it is only by keeping the mouth and gums in a state of cleanliness that the cause of these troubles ceases to exist.

The greatest caution is necessary to keep intact the thin delicate edge of gum tissue at The Danger Line. A too-stiff toothbrush or a dentifrice containing gritty abrasives, strong astringents or powerful antiseptics will cause irritation of this gum edge. Then the gums recede from the teeth and cause the V-shaped crevices to widen.

Only proper care will protect you at The Danger Line . . . . the regular use of a safe, effective dentifrice!

Squibb's Dental Cream contains nothing likely in the slightest degree to injure either teeth or gums. It cleans your teeth thoroughly, bringing out all their natural lustre and beauty. It keeps your gums fresh and firm. It preserves a healthy, wholesome mouth. Regularly used at least twice a day it will protect you at The Danger Line as no other dentifrice can do.

Made from magma magnesia, the best product known to science for neutralising acids in the mouth, Squibb's Dental Cream is an ideal dentifrice, made perfect by its extremely pleasant taste. Once you have tried it you will never change!

Buy a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream at your chemist's to-day. In two sizes at 1/3 and 2/-

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

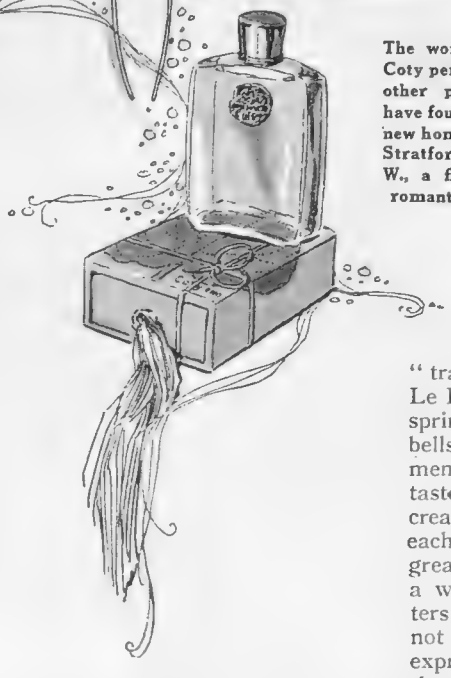
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

Sole Wholesale Distributors: J. C. Gambles & Company, Limited, 211-215, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1

M. Tyrrell

FASHIONS FANCIES

By CYNTHIA



The world-famous Coty perfumes and other productions have found in their new home at No. 3, Stratford Place, W., a fitting and romantic setting

This Beauty Business

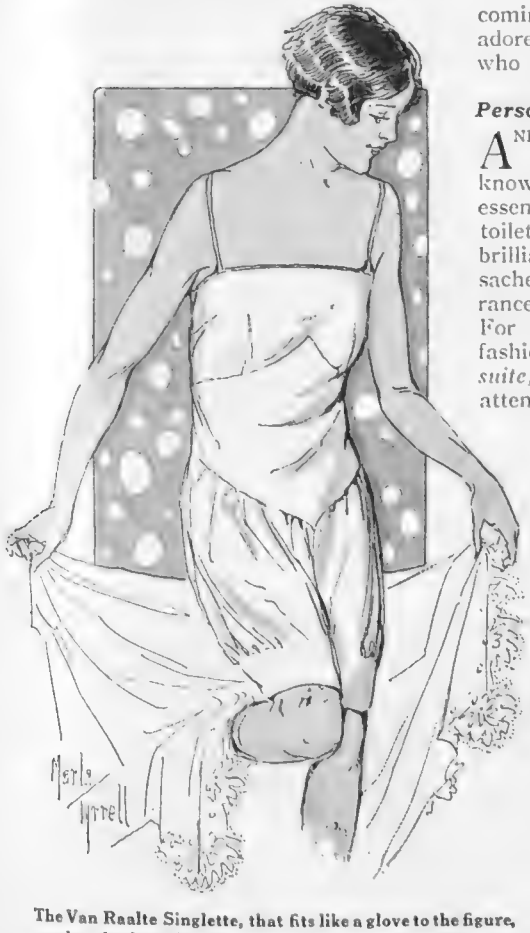
MID - SEPTEMBER!—And the feminine contingent, occupied with the momentous question of clothes for the coming Season, must not forget that if they are to count as finished products in an age that demands perfection, they must concern themselves with toilet as well as *toilette* matters. To be perfectly gowned and shod, important as they are, are not in themselves sufficient; exquisite grooming must extend itself to the complexion, to the hair—indeed, to every small and intimate detail. The touch of rouge on lips and cheeks must be of a shade suited to the skin, for a bright, clear colour will suit one woman, and something more subtle another; so with face powders. Brunettes with pale skins should, for instance, use "Blanche"; this enhances the classic pallor that they are lucky enough to possess! "Naturelle" is indicated for either the blonde or brunette whose skin is delicately pink. "Rose" freshens sallow skins and enlivens the complexions of the blondes who are unbecomingly pale, and "Rachel" softens the colour of those with a flushed appearance. For out of doors, knowledgable women use "Ochre," and it is with "Ochre-Rose" that certain types of brunettes achieve that soft, alluring, amber glow that, for want of a better word, can be described as a sunburnt effect, with all the unbecomingness left out! And "Mauve" is adored at the moment by the mondaine who dares to be original!

Personality and Perfume

AND the question of perfume: used to-day, by the women "who know," not only as a concentrated essence, but as an accompaniment to toilet waters, soaps, dusting powders, brilliantine, wardrobe and *lingerie* sachets, etc., so that one special fragrance is always associated with them. For just as in the modern scheme of fashion, clothes and accessories are *en suite*, so should perfumes be, with due attention to type. Exotic Eastern perfumes, for instance, heavy and languorous, seem entirely in keeping with some women, whilst fresh flower scents more fittingly express the individuality of others

Coty Works of Art

NO password is needed to throw open the doors of No. 3, Stratford Place, W., the historic Adams house that now provides the fitting and romantic setting that Coty works of art justify, but Aladdin's Cave enshrined nothing more enchanting. Here, pervading the atmosphere with their delicate fragrance, are all the world-famous Coty essences, in settings "worthy of the gem," for Coty, Ltd., have their own glass works, described as the finest in France, and themselves fashion their exquisite crystal flagons and caskets and other artistic "containers." Chypre, "essence of the fragrant East"; La Rose Jacqueminot, "transfused sighs of a thousand roses"; Le Lilas Pourpre, "intoxicating wine of spring"; Le Muguet, "delicate scented bells of lily of the valley." Enchantment, indeed, for all, whatever their taste and type. Toilet waters, powders, creams, soaps, sachets, etc., complete each fragrant series. For Monsieur Coty, great artist that he is, knows that for a woman to achieve perfection in matters of the toilet *one* haunting fragrance, not an inharmonious mixture, must express her personality. A word, too, of the new Coty lipstick, the Olympic, made in "vif," "capucine," "invisible" and "cerise" shades, for which refills are obtainable. And of Rouge Nacré Invisible, which, under a Coty powder of a shade that tones with the skin, lends an absolutely natural effect.



The Van Raalte Singlette, that fits like a glove to the figure, can be obtained in a variety of colourings and designs suited to morning, afternoon, evening and sports wear. (Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh)

A dance set, that speaks the last word in modern daintiness, consisting of camisole, knickers and knee-length petticoat, expressed in rose georgette and lace

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Beige and blue velour (left), deep red felt, trimmed with soft feather cockades (centre), and brocade and Petersham ribbon (right), express three new millinery arrivals at Messrs. Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Seasonable Sports Clothes

THOSE (and they include a very large number) who find joy in the "open road" *and* an open car, far into the Autumn, will obtain ample protection from Messrs. Elvery's latest model (31, Conduit Street, W.), sketched on this page. Priced from 12½ guineas, it is a leather coat of perfect cut, collared and cuffed with fur and lined with wool check. Extremely smart in appearance and thoroughly windproof and deliciously warm, it is at the same time extraordinarily light in weight. Also, with a view to preventing Autumn chills, motorists will be well advised to invest in one of the new alpaca wool motoring rugs; these have all the appearance of fine quality fur, and are the snuggest things imaginable and of an almost unbelievable lightness. They are priced at 5 guineas; matching foot muffs, car accessories that make all the difference to the comfort of passengers, costing 39*s.* 6*d.* Chrome leather coats, from 8½ guineas, in many attractive colours, will lend, as the Season advances, additional warmth and smartness to the up-to-date sports kit, that so often consists of a sweater and skirt only. *Suède* golf coats, from 3½ guineas, with stockinettte collars and cuffs, solve the Autumn golfer's problem. Beautifully cut tweed coats, from 4 guineas, in all the newest mixtures, meet the needs of travellers and race-goers. And with Fashion still ordaining that every coat, suit and frock must sport a flower, Elvery's rubber flowers provide a particularly charming finish; in single blossoms, posies or clusters that, carrying naturalness even to the point of being delicately perfumed, they will bloom throughout the year, undismayed by rain or dust!

The motorist who feels the lure of the "open road" far into Autumn finds ample protection in a fur-trimmed leather coat from Messrs. Elvery, 31, Conduit Street, W.

Sketches b A. Tilford

The Last Word in Lingerie

ALL the world, or certainly that part of it that can be described as "smart," passes through Edinburgh during the early Autumn, and many of its charms most certainly lie, for the feminine contingent, in Princes Street and Jenner's, the house where everything that is up to date in dress is to be found. Paris models for the coming Season in frocks and millinery—sports clothes that are none the less practical for being smart and becoming—and *lingerie*, of an exquisite daintiness, designed in accordance with Fashion's latest schemes. Jenner, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, is responsible for the two lovely *lingerie* models sketched on the preceding page. The left-hand one concerns itself with the Van Raalte singlette (47*s.* 6*d.*), a one-piece garment expressed in Van Raalte glove silk, pale rose in colour, that, fitting glove-like to the wearer, ensures that she shall achieve the slim silhouette that La Mode demands to-day. This singlet is stocked in a variety of designs and colourings suited to the different requirements of morning, afternoon, evening and sports dresses. On the right is shown an ideal dance set (6½ guineas), consisting of camisole, knickers, complete with pocket, and petticoat of the modern variety (ending above the knees!). Rose-pink georgette and fine lace fashion each adorable little garment, with a trimming of narrow ruched ribbon and rosebuds of georgette and tinsel ribbon.

Autumn Millinery

HOW magically new hats dispel those "Autumn Blues," so prevalent in Mid-September, especially advance models for the coming Season, such as are arriving every day at Messrs. Gorringe, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. These tell a tale of more elaborate millinery styles; some are fashioned in multi-coloured brocade; others, carried out in fur-felt, display poker work, wool embroidery, and felt *appliqué* in contrasting colours; others, again, are made of velour or velvet, and piped with gold or silver, or trimmed with gold or silver ribbon; and velvet and felt are often used together. There is a strong feeling for lower crowns and close-fitting, cap-like styles, some of the latter having big soft crowns that give a becoming tam-o'-

(Continued on page xii)

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With such exquisitely fine quality of materials so lavishly and delightfully perfumed it can never be a cheap production, but the demand is now world-wide and is so large that we are enabled to make little economies in manufacture which allow us to offer it at a substantial reduction in price.

The quality remains precisely the same but the price is now reduced from 3/- to

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The bands that have carried modern dance music to its highest perfection have given their exclusive recording rights to Brunswick. Why? Because the wonderful Brunswick new electrical method of recording PHOTOGRAPHS SOUND—gives the finest band record in existence. It is just as these great bands wish to be recorded—and just as you wish to hear them. Buy a Brunswick record to-day and add a new joy to your gramophone.

10-in. double sides, Black Label, 3'-

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	Me and My Shadow	
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	Possibly . . .	Fox-trot
	One Summer Night .	Fox-trot
3503	KENN SISSON and HIS ORCHESTRA	
	Hello, Cutie! . .	Fox-trot
	La-Lo-La . . .	Fox-trot

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Brunswick Needles are the latest and best needles

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Stuart.

shanter effect. Three "new arrivals" are sketched on page x. The one on the left, expressed in velour, has a crown of navy blue with beige inlet, and beige and blue are combined in the narrow ribbon trimming; 55*s.* is its price. The centre model, of deep red felt, with side cockades of soft feathers pointing downwards, is priced at 52*s.* 9*d.*; and, on the right, a model in multi-coloured brocade and Petersham ribbon costs 49*s.* 9*d.* Fur-felts in the latest shapes from 21*s.*! Pull-on chenille models from 35*s.* 9*d.*! No wonder Gorringe's millinery department is a popular rendezvous at the moment!

For Dog Lovers

The September number of *Spillers' Dog and Poultry Journal* is of more than usual interest in that it refers to the forthcoming Royal Veterinary College Championship Dog Show in aid of the Reconstruction Fund. In addition to benching and feeding the Show, Spillers offer a gold cup, valued at fifty guineas, for the best dog or bitch. A copy of *Spillers' Dog and Poultry Journal* will be sent to any BYSTANDER reader who applies to Spillers, Victoria Foods, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.

A Golfing Occasion

On Saturday, September 17, an Exhibition Golf Competition will take place at the Surbiton Golf Club, the following well-known professionals taking part:—George Duncan (Wentworth), A. Havers (Coombe Hill), and E. Ray (Oxhey). A medal round will start at 11 a.m., four ball foursome at 2.45. Visitors will be admitted for the sum of 2*s.* 6*d.*, and they will become temporary members for the day.

THE WINNER

Above is seen a reproduction of the photograph that won first prize of £20 in the Metro-land Photographic Competition promoted by the Metropolitan Railway. This competition proved so popular that the company have promoted another one, which closes on October 31. Prizes ranging from £20 to £1 will be awarded for the best amateur photographs, entry forms and all particulars being obtainable from the Commercial Manager, Baker Street Station

A Riviera Summer Number

The August issue of *La Saison de Cannes* makes an attractive special Summer Number, and is picturesquely and profusely illustrated. Cannes as a holiday-maker's paradise is, perhaps, almost too well known for further mention, but readers of this issue describing *La Ville des Fleurs et des Sports Élégants*, published by F. Andrau et Cie, will find the lure of this particular part of the Riviera even more irresistible than usual, and will find its pages redolent with the sunniness of the South.

Trains to the Riviera

The direct service during the winter season from London to the Riviera, which in previous years has run in connection with the 11 o'clock service from Victoria viâ Dover-Calais, will run during the coming winter season in connection with the 2 o'clock service from Victoria viâ Folkestone-Boulogne. In consequence the new through train 70/17 will leave the Gare de Lyon one hour and five minutes later than train 68/17 did last season, but will arrive only a quarter of an hour later at Nice, thus shortening the total time of the journey between London and Nice by two and three-quarter hours. The corresponding return service from the Riviera to London will, however, to all intents and purposes, follow the same itinerary and time-table as last year viâ Calais-Dover, arriving in London at 5.18 p.m. This season the new service from London to the Riviera will begin operating on October 25, and from the Riviera to London on October 27.

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Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
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keeps your hair in place all day . . . gives it a well-groomed look . . . You know your hair is right . . . Jackel's costs 1/9 or 2/6 per bottle, and, by the way, it is the *original* Cream.
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ROWLAND'S
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No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

NOVIO ROLLS contain 3 or 4 times as much as the thick cheap inferior qualities

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THE MOST PERFECT TOILET PAPER EVER MADE
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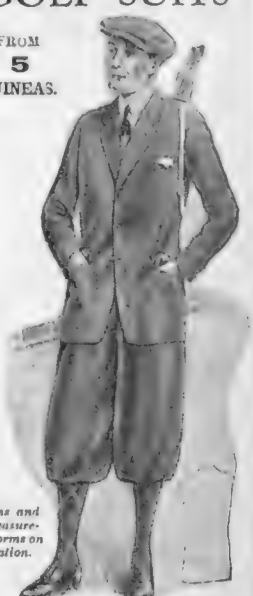
FROM 5 GUINEAS.



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Carters new season's catalogue, "Bulbs and Lawns," just published, contains full particulars of Hyacinths, Narcissus, Tulips, etc.

Flowers are specially welcome at Christmas, and to ensure a display of bloom at this period, varieties such as Extra Early Miniature Hyacinths, White Roman Hyacinths, Duc Van Thol Tulips and Lilium Longiflorum should be procured immediately. Our new Catalogue, "Bulbs and Lawns," gives full particulars of these varieties, together with the Renovation of Lawns, post free on application.

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Write to-day for this new and interesting booklet on lawns. Sent post free to any address.

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COATS
OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

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ATTRACTIVE COAT for little girl, made from soft fancy velour cloth, velvet collar and cuffs, warmly interlined. In shades of deep periwinkle or rosewood.

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The MENU

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VEGETABLE MARROW JAM.
BLACKBERRY AND APPLE JAM.
PLUM JAM.
TO PRESERVE PLUMS FOR WINTER USE.
DAMSON GIN.

Vegetable Marrow Jam

To every 5 lb. of marrow allow 5 lb. of sugar, the juice of two lemons, 2 oz. of preserved ginger, and a large pinch of cayenne pepper. Put sugar and a little salt to keep it from burning in the preserving-pan. When it is melted add the marrow (cut up), ginger, cayenne, and the juice of the lemons. Boil slowly for an hour or longer. The marrow looks clear when the jam is cooked.

Blackberry and Apple Jam

5 lb. of blackberries, 3 lb. of apples, ¾ lb. of sugar to every pound of fruit, and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries, the apples (peeled and cored), and 1 lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft, then strain through a cloth, and to every 1 lb. of pulp put ¾ lb. of sugar Let it boil one and a half hours.

Plum Jam

The flavour of plum jam and, indeed, all jams made with stone fruits, is very greatly improved by the addition of a few bitter almonds. During the boiling process about half a dozen almonds for every 1 lb. of fruit is a nice addition. The almonds need not be removed, but may be left in the jam. The plums should be stoned.

To Preserve Plums for Winter Use

Gather the plums when green, put them in bottles or jars holding about 2 lb. Strew over them some powdered sugar, and cover down tightly with two separate bladders on each. Stand the bottles in a large pan of cold water up to their necks, putting hay between them to prevent them from knocking against each other, and boil gently till the skins of the plums break, which will be in about three hours' time. Let the bottles cool in the water.

Damson Gin

In a two-gallon jar put three quarts of picked, dry, and sound damsons, ½ lb. of brown sugar candy (or loaf sugar), pounded, ½ oz. of bitter almonds, or damson kernels. Put over this 1 gallon of best unsweetened gin. Let the jar be well shaken occasionally. Be careful that the corks are airtight. This is good for cocktails.

Brown Bread Ice

Half a pound of stale brown bread-crumbs, one pint of cream, well whipped, 6 oz. of castor sugar, and a few drops of vanilla. Whip the cream well, stir in the other ingredients, pour into a wet mould, and freeze.

EMILIA.

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The Lady who golfs this month must consider her footwear, but is perfectly safe if she wears her "Manfield's."

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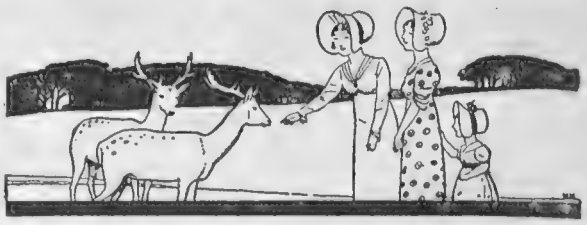

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ELEGANT Tea Gown for the elder lady, made in rich Lyons chiffon velvet, cut on long lines with the cross-over front and new back terminating in train and graceful georgette sleeves to tone. Bodice lined silk. In all colours and black.

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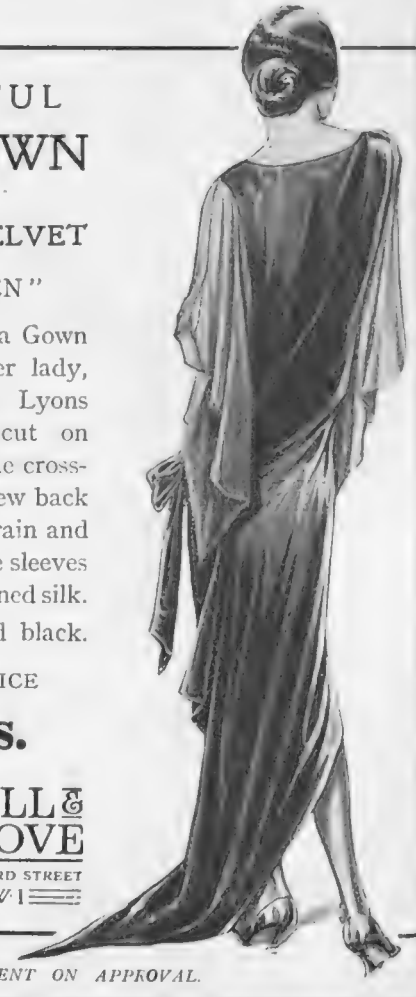

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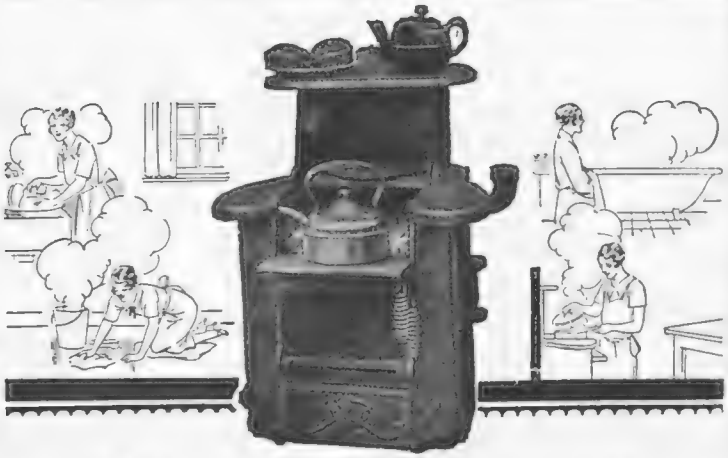

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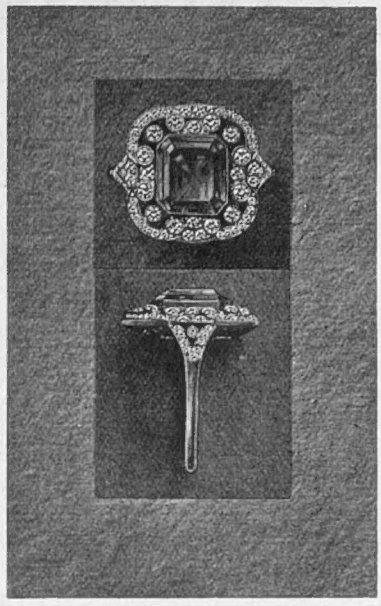

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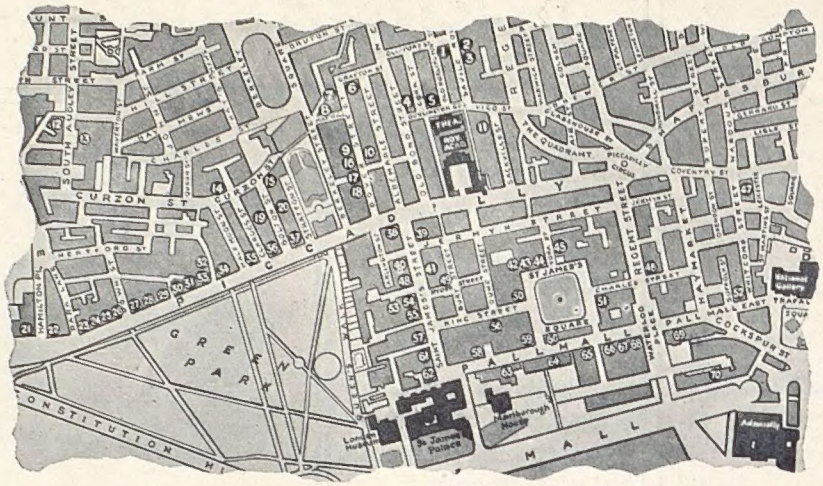

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